National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 18. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860. WHOLE NO. 1,058.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

The Political Issues of the Day.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

Delivered at Detroit, September 4, 1860.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: We claim that our political system is a judicious one, and that we are an intelligent and virtuous people. The government ought, therefore, not only to secure respect and good-will abroad, but also to produce good order, contentment, and harmony at home. It fails to attain these ends. The Canadians certainly neither envy nor love us. All the independent American powers, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, while they strive to construct governments for themselves after our models, fear, and many of them hate us. European nations do indeed revere our Constitutions and admire our progress, but they generally agree in pronouncing us inconsistent with our organic principle, and capricious. The President inveighs against corruption among the people. The immediate representatives of the people in Congress charge the President with immoral practices, and the President protests against their action as subversive of the Executive prerogative. The House of Representatives organizes itself convulsively amid confessed dangers of popular commotion. The Senate listens unsurprised, and almost without excitement, to menaces of violence, secession, and disunion. Frauds and violence in the Territories are palliated and rewarded. Exposure and resistance to them are condemned and punished; while the just, enlightened, and reasonable will of the people there, though constitutionally expressed, is circumvented, disobeyed, and disregarded. States watch anxiously for unlawful intrusion and invasion by citizens of other States, while the Federal courts fail to suppress piracies on the high seas, and even on our own coasts. The government of the Union courts and submits to State espionage of the Federal mails, while the States scarcely attempt to protect the personal rights of citizens of other States, peacefully pursuing harmless occupations within their fraternal jurisdictions.

Are the people satisfied and content? Let their several parties and masses answer. Certainly you, the Republicans of Michigan, as well as the Republicans throughout the whole country, are not satisfied. But you are interested in a change of administration, and therefore perhaps prejudiced. Ask, then, the Constitutional Union men, few and inefficient indeed here, but numerous and energetic elsewhere. They are not satisfied. If they were, they would not be engaged as they are now, in a hopeless attempt to organize a new party without any principles at all, after their recent failures to combine such a party on obnoxious principles. But they also are interested and possibly prejudiced, like the Republicans. Appeal, then, to the Democratic party, which enjoys and wields the patronage and power of the Federal Government. Even the Democrats are no less dissatisfied. They certainly are dissatisfied with the Republicans, with the National Union men, with their own administration, with each other, and, as I think, even individually, with themselves. The North is not satisfied. Its masses want a suppression of the African slave trade, and an effectual exclusion of slavery from the Territories, so that all the new and future States may surely be free States. The South is not satisfied. Its masses, by whatever means and at whatever cost, desire the establishment and protection of slavery in the Territories, so that none of the new States may fail to become slave States. The East is discontented with the neglect of its fishery, manufacture, and navigation; and the West is impatient under the operation of a national policy hostile to its agricultural, mining, and social developments. What government in the world but ours has persistently refused to improve rivers, construct harbors, and establish lighthouses for the protection of its commerce? New and anomalous combinations of citizens appear, in the North, justifying armed instigators of civil and servile war; in the South, devising means for the disruption and dismemberment of the Union. It is manifest that we are suffering in the respect and confidence of foreign States, and that disorder and confusion are more flagrant among ourselves now than ever before.

I do not intend to be understood that these evils are thus far productive of material suffering or intolerable embarrassment, much less that the country is, as so many extravagant persons say, on the high road to civil war or dissolution. On the contrary, this fair land we live in is so blessed with all the elements of human comfort and happiness, and its citizens are at once so loyal and wise and so well surrounded by yet unbroken guaranties of civil and religious liberty, that our experience of misrule at the very worst never becomes so painful as to raise the question how much more of public misery we can endure; but it leaves us at liberty to stop now, as always heretofore, with the inquiry how much more of freedom, prosperity, and honor we can secure by the practice of greater wisdom and higher virtue. Discontentment is the wholesome fruit of a discovery of maladministration, and conviction of public error is, here at least, always a sure harbinger of political reform.

Martin Van Buren, they say, is writing a review of his own life, and our time, for posthumous uses. If it is not disrespectful, I should like to know now the conclusions he draws from the national events he has seen, and of which he has been an important part; for he is a shrewd observer, with advantages of large and long experience. To me it seems that the last forty years have constituted a period of signal and lamentable failure in the efforts of statesmen to adjust and establish a Federal policy for the regulation of the subject of slavery in its relations to the Union. In this view I regard it as belonging to the office of a statesman not merely to favor an immediate and temporary increase of national wealth, and an enlargement of national territory, but also to fortify, so far as the prescribed constitutional limits of his action may allow, the influences of knowledge and humanity; to abate popular prejudices and passions, by modifying or removing their causes; to ascertain and disclose the operation of general laws, and to study and reveal the social tendencies of the age, and by combining the past with the present, while giving free play all the time to the reciprocating action of the many coexisting moral forces, to develop that harmonious system which actually prevails in the apparent chaos of human affairs; and so to gain something in the way of assurance as to the complexion of that futurity toward which, since our country is destined to endure, and insomuch as we desire that it may be immortal, our thoughts are so vehemently driven even by the selfish as well as by the generous principles of our nature.

I have understood that John Quincy Adams, the purest and wisest statesman I ever knew, died despairing of a peaceful solution of the problem, of slavery, on which he was so intently engaged throughout his public service. If we may judge from the absolute failures of Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Polk, Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Buchanan, in the respect I have mentioned, and if we take into consideration also the systems which Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Benton, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Webster severally recommended, and which have subsequently failed to be adopted, we may perhaps conclude that the difficulties of establishing a satisfactory and soothing policy have overtasked even our wisest and most eminent statesmen. They certainly have been neither incapable nor selfish men. No age or country has been illustrated by public characters of greater genius, wisdom and virtue.

It is easy to see, fellow-citizens, that the failure has resulted not from the faults of our statesmen, but from the peculiar constitutions and characters of political parties on which they relied for power. Solid, enduring and consistent parties, inspired by love of country, reverence for virtue and devotion to human liberty, bold in their conceptions of measures, moderate in success, and resolute through reverses, are essential to effective and beneficent administration in every free State. Unanimity, even in a wise, just and necessary policy, can never be expected in any country all at once, and without thorough debate and earnest conflicts of opinion. All public movements are therefore undertaken and prosecuted through the agencies, not of individuals, but of parties, regulated, excited and moderated, as occasion may require, by their representatives. He who proposes means so impracticable that he can win no party to his support, may be a philanthropist, but he cannot be a statesman; and even when the leader in administration is thus sustained, he is, although never so earnest or wise, everywhere and at all times inefficient and imbecile, just in the degree that the party on which he depends is inconstant, vacillating, timid, or capricious. What has become of the several political parties which have flourished within your time and mine? That dashing, unterrified, defiant party, whose irresistible legions carried the honest and intrepid hero of New Orleans on their shields through so many encounters; that generous, though not unprejudiced Whig party, which, apprehensive of perpetual danger from too radical policies of administration, so often with unabated chivalry and enthusiasm, magically recombined its bruised and scattered columns, even when a capricious fortune had turned its rare and hard-won triumphs into defeats more disastrous than the field fights which it had lost; the recent American party, that sprang at one bound from ten thousand dark chambers, and which seemed, only yesterday, at the very point of carrying the government by a *coup de main*. All these parties that, for brief periods, seemed so strong and so unchanging, have perished, leaving no deep impression on the history of the country they aimed to direct and rule forever. The Democratic party, too, has clothed itself so complacently with the pleasant traditions of all preceding parties, and combined so felicitously the most popular of our national sympathies with the most inveterate and repulsive of our conservative interests, has won the South so dexterously, by stimulating its maddest ambition, and yet has held the North so tenaciously and so long, by awakening its wildest and most demoralizing fears. What is its condition? It is distinguished in fortune from its extinguished rivals only by the circumstance that both portions of its crew, divided as the hulk breaks into two not unequal parts, retain sufficient energy, in their despair, to seize on the drifting wrecks of other parties, and by a cunning though hopeless carpentery, to frame wretched and rickety rafts on which to sustain themselves for one dark night more on the tempestuous sea of national politics. All these parties, it is now manifest, were organized not specially to establish justice and maintain freedom and equality among an honest, jealous, and liberty-loving people, but to achieve some material public advantage of temporary importance, or to secure the advancement of some chief to whose discretion, as if the government were an elective despotism instead of a republic, the distribution of its patronage and the direction of its affairs should be implicitly confided. They did, indeed, out of respect or fear of generous reforms, often affect to express elevated principles and generous sentiments in their carefully elaborated creeds; but these creeds, nevertheless, even when not ambiguously expressed, were from time to time revised, and qualified, and modified, so that at last the interpreters who alone had them by heart, and were able to repeat them, were found perverting the Constitution in its most unequivocal parts, and most palpable meaning, disparaging and rejecting the Declaration of Independence, and stultifying the founders of the Republic. The parties thus constituted, dependent not on any national or even any natural sentiment, but on mere discipline for their cohesion, and coming at last, through constant demoralization, to assume that capital and not labor, property and not liberty, is the great interest of every people, and that religion, conversant only with the relations of men to an unseen and future world, must be abjured in their conduct toward each other on earth, have finally discarded justice and humanity from their systems, broken up nearly all the existing combinations for spiritual ends, and attempted to conduct affairs of government on principles equally in violation of the Constitution and of the eternal laws of God's providence for the regulation of the universe.

These views of the characters of our modern parties are by no means newly conceived on my part. In that high and intensely exciting debate in Congress in the year 1850, which, overruling the administration of General Taylor, brought the then two dominating parties into a compromise at the time solemnly pronounced final, irrevocable, and eternal, but which was nevertheless scattered to the winds of heaven only four years afterward, the great statesman of Kentucky denounced party spirit, as he assumed it to be raging throughout the country, as pregnant with the imminent and intolerable disasters of civil war and national dissolution. I ventured then to reply that, in my humble judgment, it was not a conflict of parties that we then were seeing and hearing, but it was, on the contrary, the agony of distracted parties, a convulsion, resulting from the too narrow foundations of both the great parties and of all the parties of the day—foundations that had been laid in compromises of natural justice and human rights—that a new and great question—a moral question transcending the too narrow creeds of existing parties had arisen—that the public conscience was expanding with it, and the green withes of party combinations were giving way and breaking under the pressure—that it was not the Union that was decaying and dying, as was supposed, of the fever of party spirit, but that the two great parties were smitten with paralysis, fatal indeed to them, unless they should consent to be immediately renewed and reorganized, borrowing needful elements of health and vigor from a cordial embrace with the humane spirit of the age.

But, fellow-citizens, to exempt our statesmen by casting blame on our political parties, does not reach, but only approximates the real source of responsibility. All of these parties have been composed of citizens, not a few but many citizens, in the aggregate, all the citizens of the Republic. They were not ignorant, wilful, or dishonest citizens, but sincere, faithful and useful members of the State. The parties of our country, what are they at any time, but ourselves, the people of our country? Thus the faults of past Administration and, of course, the responsibility for existing evils, are brought directly home to yourselves and myself—to the whole people. This is no hard saying. The wisest, justest, and most virtuous of men occasionally errs and has need daily to implore the Divine Goodness that he be not led further into temptation; and just so the wisest, justest, and most virtuous of nations often unconsciously lose and depart from their ancient approved and safer ways. Is there any society, even of Christians, that has never had occasion to reform its practice, retrace its too careless steps, and discard heresies that have corrupted its accepted faith? What was the English revolution of 1648, but a return from the dark and dangerous road of absolutism? What the French revolution, but a mighty convulsion, that, while it carried a brave, enlightened and liberty-loving nation backward on their progress of three hundred years, owed all its horrors to the delay which had so long postponed the needed reaction?

A national departure always happens when a great emergency occurs unobserved and unfelt, bringing the necessity for the attainment of some new and important object, which can only be secured through the inspiration of some new but great and generous national sentiment.

Let us see if we can ascertain, in the present case, when our departure from the right and safe way occurred. Certainly it was not in the Revolutionary age. The nation then experienced and felt a stern necessity, perceived and resolutely aimed at a transcendently sublime object, and accepted cheerfully the awakening influences of an intensely-moving and generous principle. The necessity was deliverance from British oppression; the object, independence; the principle, the inalienable rights of man. The Revolution was a success, because the country had, in Adams, and Jefferson, and Washington, and their associates, the leaders, and in the Whigs the party, needful for this crisis, and these were sustained by the people!

Our departure was not at the juncture of the establishment of the Constitution. The country then had and owned a new and overpowering necessity, perceived and demanded a new object, and adopted a new and most animating principle. The necessity, the escape from anarchy; the object, Federal Union; the principle, fraternity of the American people. The Constitution, with the Ordinance of 1787 practically a part of it, was not a failure, because Hamilton, Jay and Madison were competent, and the Federal party was constant, and the people gave it a confiding and generous support.

It was not in 1800 that the national deviation took place. Then were disclosed a new public necessity, new object and new principle—a separation and removal of aristocratic checks and interests from the mechanism of our republican institutions. The needed reform did not fail, because Jefferson and George Clinton, with their associates, braved all resistance, the Republican party defended and the people sustained them.

Again, the departure did not occur in 1812. Then was discovered a further necessity, bringing into view a further object, and introducing yet another new and noble principle of action. The necessity, a vindication of national rights; the object, freedom of intercourse with mankind; the principle, the defence of our homes and our honor. The war of 1812 was a success, because Clay, Calhoun and Tompkins did not shrink from the trial; the Republican party approved, and the people sustained them.

In 1820, however, the nation had unconsciously reached and entered a new stage in its successful career, namely, that of expansion. By purchases from France and Spain it had extended its borders from the St. Mary's southward around the peninsula of Florida, and from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, an expansion to be afterward indefinitely continued. We all know the advantages of expansion. They are augmented wealth and population. But we all know equally well, if we will only reflect, that no new advantage is ever gained in national more than in individual life without exposure to some new danger. What, then, is the danger which attends expansion? It is nothing less, and can be nothing less, than an increase of the strain upon the bonds of the Union. The time had come to organize government finally in the newly-acquired territory of Louisiana, on principles that should be applied thereafter in all cases of further expansion. This necessity brought into glaring light a new object, namely, since the only existing cause of mutual alienation among the States was slavery, which was already carefully circumscribed by the Ordinance of 1787, that anomalous institution must now be further circumscribed by extending the Ordinance to cover the new States to be established in the Louisianian purchase. To this end a new and humane impulse naturally moved the country, namely, the freedom of human labor.

But although statesmen qualified for the crisis appeared, no party stood forth to support them with constancy, and the country, after a temporary glow of Free Soil excitement, subsided into cold indifference—and so a compromise was made which divided the newly-acquired domain between free labor and capital in slaves, between freedom and slavery, a memorable compromise, which, after a trial of only thirty-four years, proved to be effective only in its concessions to slavery, while its greater guaranties of freedom were found unavailing and worthless. History says that the compromise of 1820 was necessary to save the Union from disruption. I do not dispute history, nor debate the settled moral questions of the past. I only lament that it was necessary, if indeed it was so. History tells us that the course then adopted was wise. I do not controvert it. I only mourn the occurrence of even one case, most certainly the only one that ever did happen, in which the way of wisdom has failed to be also the way of pleasantness and the path of peace. It was in 1820, therefore, that the national deviation began. We have continued ever since the divergent course then so inconsiderately entered, until at last we have reached a point where, amid confusion, bewilderment and mutual recriminations, it seems alike impossible to go forward or to return. We have added territory after territory, and region after region, with the customary boldness of feebly-resisted conquerors, not merely neglecting to keep slavery out of our new possessions, but actually removing all the barriers against it which we found standing at the times of conquest. In doing this, we have defied the moral opinions of mankind, overturned the laws and systems of our fathers, and dishonored their memories by declaring that the unequalled and glorious Constitution which they gave us carries with it, as it attends our eagles, not freedom and personal rights to the oppressed, but slavery and a hateful and baleful commerce in slaves, wherever we win a conquest by sea or land over the whole habitable globe.

While we must now, in deference to history, excuse the first divergence, it is manifest that our subsequent persistence in the same course has been entirely unnecessary and unjustifiable. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Canada, what remains of Mexico, all the West Indies and Central America, are doubtless very desirable, but we have patiently waited for them, and are now likely to wait until they can be acquired without receiving slavery with them, or extending it over them. Nay, all the resistance we have ever met in adding Spanish American territories to our Republic, has resulted from our wilful and perverse purpose of subverting freedom there, to blight the fairest portion of the earth, when we found it free, by extending over it our only national agency of desolation. We may doubtless persist still further. We may add conquest to conquest, for resistance to our ambition daily grows more and more impossible, until we surpass in extent and apparent strength the greatest empires of ancient or modern times, all the while enlarging the area of African bondage; but after our already ample experience, I think no one will be bold enough to deny that we equally increase the evils of discontent and the dangers of domestic faction.

Fellow-citizens, while I lament the national divergence I have thus described, I do not confess it to be altogether inexcusable. Much less do I blame any one or more of our politicians or parties, while exempting others. All are, in different degrees, perhaps, responsible alike, and all have abundant if not altogether adequate excuses. Deviation once begun, without realizing the immediate presence of danger, it was easier to continue on than to return. The country has all the time been growing richer and more prosperous and populous. It was not unnatural that we should disregard warnings of what we were assured by high though interested authorities always were distant, improbable, and even visionary dangers. It cannot be denied that the African races among us are abject, although their condition and even their presence here are due not to their will or fault, but to our own, and that they have a direct interest in the question of slavery. How natural has it been to assume that the motive of those who have protested against the extension of slavery was an unnatural sympathy with the negro, instead of what it always has really been—concern for the welfare of the white man. There are few, indeed, who ever realize that the whole human race suffers somewhat in the afflictions and calamities which befall the humblest and most despised of its members.

The argument, though demanding the most dispassionate calmness and kindness, has too often been conducted with anger and broken out into violence.

Moreover, alarms of disunion were sounded, and strange political inventions, like the floating fire-ships sent down the St. Lawrence by the besieged in Quebec, to terrify the army of Wolfe on the Island of St. Louis, appeared suddenly before us whenever we proposed to consider in good earnest the subject of Federal slavery.

We love and we ought to love the fellowship of our slaveholding brethren. How natural, therefore, has it been to make the concessions so necessary to silence their complaints, rather than by seeming impracticability in what was thought a matter of indifference, to lose such genial companionship. Again, at least, present peace and safety together, with some partial guaranties and concessions of freedom, were from time to time obtained by compromises. Who had the right, or who the presumption, to say with the certainty of being held responsible for casting imputations of bad faith upon our Southern brethren, that these compromises would, when their interests should demand it, be disavowed and broken?

Other nations, we have assumed, are jealous of our growing greatness. They have censured us, perhaps with unjust asperity, for our apostasy in favor of slavery. How natural and even patriotic has it been on our part to manifest, by persistence, our contempt and defiance of such interested and hostile animadversions. Besides, though slavery is indeed now practically a local and peculiar institution of the South, it was not long ago the habit and practice of the whole American people. It is only twenty-five years since our British brethren abolished slavery in their colonies, and only half a century since we or any European nation interdicted the African slave trade. Scarcely three generations have passed away since the subject of the wrongfulness of slavery first engaged the consideration of mankind.

You and I, indeed, understand now very well, how it is, that slavery in the Territories of the United States is left open by the Constitution to our utmost peaceful opposition, while within the slave States it is entrenched behind local constitutions beyond the reach of external legislation. But the subject is a complex one, and the great masses of the people to whom it has only been recently presented, and doubtlessly often presented under unfavorable circumstances, might well desire time for its careful and deliberate examination.

It seems a bold suggestion to say, that a great nation ought to reconsider a practice of forty years' duration; but forty years of a nation's life are equivalent to only one year in the life of an individual. The thought is at least consistent with political philosophy, for it is not more true that personal persistence in error leads inevitably to ruin, than it is that every nation exists by obedience to the same moral laws which direct individual life, that they are written in its original constitution, and it must continually reform itself according to the spirit of those laws, or perish.

My humble advice, then, fellow-citizens, is, that we return and reestablish the original policy of the nation, and henceforth hold, as we did in the beginning, that slavery is and must be only a purely local, temporary and exceptional institution, confined within the slave States where it already exists, while freedom is the general, normal, enduring and permanent condition of society within the jurisdiction, and under the authority of the Constitution of the United States.

I counsel thus for a simple reason incapable of illumination. Slavery, however it may be at any time or in any place excused, is at all times and everywhere unjust and inhuman in its very nature; while freedom, however it may be at any time or in any place neglected, denied, or abused, is in its nature right, just and beneficent. It can never, under any circumstances, be wise to persevere voluntarily in extending or fortifying an institution that is intrinsically wrong or cruel. It can never be unwise wherever it is possible to defend and fortify an existing institution that is founded on the rights of human nature. Insomuch as opinions are so materially, and yet so unconsciously, affected and modified by time, place and circumstances, we may hold these great truths firmly, without impeaching the convictions or the motives of those who deny them in argument or in practice.

I counsel thus for another reason quite as simple as the first. Knowledge, emulation and independence among the members of a social state are the chief elements of national wealth, strength and power. Ignorance, indolence and bondage of individuals are always sources of national imbecility and decline. All nations in their turns have practised slavery. Most of them have abolished it. The world over, the wealthiest and most powerful nations have been those which tolerated it least, and which earliest and most completely abolished it. Virginia and Texas are thrown into a panic even now by the appearance or even the suspicion of a handful of men within their borders, instigating civil war. Massachusetts and Vermont defied British invasion, backed by treason, eighty years ago.

Thirdly, there is no necessity now to fortify or extend slavery within the United States or on the American Continent. All the supposed necessities of that sort ever before known, have passed away forever. Let us briefly review them. With the discovery and conquest of America confessedly came a responsibility to reclaim it from nature and to introduce civilization. Unfortunately Spain and Portugal, the discoverers and conquerors, were, of all the European States in the sixteenth century, the worst qualified and least able to colonize. They were neither popular, nor industrious, nor free; but were nations of princes and subjects; of soldiers, navigators, nobles, priests, poets and scholars, without merchants, mechanics, farmers or laborers. The art of navigation was imperfect, its practice dangerous, and the New World that the Pope had divided between his two most loyal crown-wearing children was in its natural state pestilential. European emigration was therefore impracticable. In the emergency the conquerors, with ruffian violence, swept off at once the gold and silver ornaments which they found in the temples and on the persons of the natives, ignorant of their European values, and subjugated and enslaved the natives themselves. But these simple children of the forest, like wild flowers when the hurricane sweeps over the prairies, perished under cruelties so contrary to nature.

The African trade, in prisoners of war spared from slaughter, afforded an alternative. The chiefs sold ten men, women or children, for a single horse. The conquerors of America brought this unnatural merchandise to our coasts. When the English colonists of North America, happily in only a very limited degree, borrowed from their predecessors this bad practice of slavery, they borrowed also its wretched apology, a want of an adequate supply of free labor. It was then thought an exercise of Christian benevolence to rescue the African heathen from eternal suffering in a future state, and through the painful path of earthly bondage to open to him the gates to the celestial paradise. But all this is now changed. We are at last no feeble or sickly colonies, but a great, populous, homogeneous nation, unsurpassed and unequalled in all the elements of colonization and civilization. Free labor here continually increases and abounds, and is fast verging toward European standards of value. There is not one acre too much in our broad domain for the supply of even three generations of our free population, with their certain increase. Immigration from Europe is crowding our own sons into the western region, and this movement is daily augmented by the application of new machines for diminishing mechanical and even agricultural labor. At this very moment, Congress, after a long and obstinate reluctance, finds itself obliged to yield a homestead law to relieve the pressure of labor in the Atlantic States. Certainly, therefore, we have no need and no room for African slaves in the Federal Territories. Do you say that we want more sugar and more cotton, and therefore must have more slaves and more slave labor? I answer, first, that no class or race of men have a right to demand sugar, cotton, or any other comfort of human life to be wrung for them, through the action of the Federal Government, from the unrewarded and compulsory labor of any other class or race of men.

I answer, secondly, that we have sugar and cotton enough already for domestic consumption, and a surplus of the latter for exportation, without any increase of slave territory. Do you say that Europe wants more sugar and cotton than we can now supply? I reply, let then Europe send her free laborers hither, or into Italy, or into the West Indies, or into the East; or if it suit them better, let them engage the natives of cotton-growing regions in the old world to produce cotton and sugar voluntarily and for adequate compensation. Such a course, instead of fortifying and enlarging the sway of slavery here, will leave us free to favor its gradual removal. It will renew or introduce civilization on the shores of the Mediterranean and throughout the coasts of the Indian ocean. Christianity, more fully developed and better understood now than heretofore, turns with disgust and horror from the employment of force and piracy as a necessary agency of the gospel.

Fourthly: All the subtle evasions and plausible political theories which have heretofore been brought into the argument for an extension of slavery, have at last been found fallacious and frivolous.

It is unavailing now to say that this government was made by and for white men only, since even slaves owed allegiance to Great Britain before the Revolution equally with white men, and were equally absolved from it by the Revolution, and are not only held to allegiance now under our laws, but are also subjected to taxation and actual representation in every department of the Federal Government. No government can excuse itself from the duty of protecting the extreme rights of every human being, whether foreign or native born, bond or free, whom it compulsorily holds within its jurisdiction. The great fact is now fully realized that the African race here is a foreign and feeble element like the Indians, incapable of assimilation, but not the less, therefore, entitled to such care and protection as the weak everywhere may require from the strong; that it is a pitiful exotic unwisely and unnecessarily transplanted into our fields, and which it is unprofitable to cultivate at the cost of the desolation of the native vineyard. Nor will the argument that the party of slavery is national and that of freedom sectional any longer avail, when it is fully understood that so far as it is founded in truth, it is only a result of that perversion of the Constitution which has attempted to circumscribe freedom, and to make slavery universal throughout the republic. Equally do the reproaches, invectives, and satires of the advocates of slavery extension fail, since it is seen and felt that truth, reason, and humanity can work right on without fanaticism, and bear contumely without retaliation. I counsel this course, farther, because the combinations of slavery are broken up, and can never be renewed with success. Any new combination must be based on the principle of the Southern Democratic faction, that slavery is inherently just and beneficent, and ought to be protected, which can no longer be tolerated in the North; or else on the principle of the Northern Democratic faction, that slavery is indifferent and unworthy of Federal protection, which is insufficient in the South, while the national mind has actually passed far beyond both of these principles, and is settled in the conviction that slavery, wherever and howsoever it exists, exists only to be regretted and deplored.

I counsel this course, farther, because the necessity for a return to the old national way has become at last absolute and imperative. We can extend slavery into new Territories, and create new slave States, only by reopening the African slave trade, a proceeding which, by destroying all the existing values of the slaves now held in the country, and their increase, would bring the North and the South into complete unanimity in favor of that return.

Finally, I counsel that return because a statesman has been designated who possesses, in an eminent and most satisfactory degree, the virtues and qualifications necessary for the leader in so great and generous a movement; and I feel well assured that Abraham Lincoln will not fail to reinaugurate the ancient constitutional policy in the administration of the government successfully, because the Republican party, after ample experience, has at last acquired the courage and the constancy necessary to sustain him, and because I am satisfied that the people, at last fully convinced of the wisdom and necessity of the proposed reformation, are prepared to sustain and give it effect.

But when it shall have been accomplished, what may we expect then? what dangers must we incur? what disasters and calamities must we suffer? I answer, no dangers, disasters, or calamities. All parties will acquiesce, because it will be the act of the people, in the exercise of their sovereign power, in conformity with the Constitution and laws, and in harmony with the eternal principles of justice and the benignant spirit of the age in which we live. All parties and all sections will alike rejoice in the settlement of a controversy which has agitated the country and disturbed its peace so long. We shall regain the respect and good-will of the nations; and, once more consistent with our principles, and with our ancient character, we shall, with their free consent, take our place at their head, in their advancing progress toward a higher and more happy, because more humane and more genial, civilization.

TEXAS IN TERROR.

THE panic in Texas meets with no abatement. She is possessed with a terror more fearful than any other that can fall upon a civilized community in these latter days. Even war now has its amenities and its mercies, and a city delivered over to sack and pillage, if it be the home of a Christian people, taken by the soldiers of a Christian power, has no fear of rape and murder. Its men do not gather around their women to die in their defence; nor do these cower and shiver in abject despair, clasping their children to their bosoms, knowing that a speedy death is a mercy they may not hope for. But there is one state of society, one state of suppressed war, which, when it breaks out into open hostility, may bring with it consequences with which no other warfare is ever followed. When vengeance for present wrong, and the memory of the vengeance which has slumbered for centuries, are awakened in the bosom of a slave, men may well tremble and women shriek, while they gather their children about them, and curse the day that they were born. Even if it could be hoped that slaves in revolt might at first be merciful, they would be sure to better the instruction given in the resistance and punishment with which their masters attempt their renewed subjection. Therefore it is that every community of slaveholders live in constant, never-ending dread, following them about by day and sitting down by their pillows at night. Their food is cooked by slaves; their children are carried in the arms and rest their heads upon the bosoms of slaves; all the offices of domestic service are in the hands of slaves; slaves are all about them in every menial capacity, in the field, the stable, the kitchen, the dining-room, the bed-chamber, when they wake and when they sleep, when ill, when well, abroad and at home—everywhere, always, in every possible relation, are slaves, who may to-night, acting with one common purpose, carrying out a long-cherished design, under the lead of those among them who are most intelligent, most cunning, and also most cruel, wreak their long pent-up vengeance on mortal foes. No wonder that in a slave State they tremble at the first whisper of insurrection. No wonder that when insurrection is really a positive fact they are beside themselves with fear.

Such, at this moment, is the condition of Texas. The people of that State are in an agony of panic, born of the fear of a servile war. For at least two months they have been in this unhappy condition, although not one particle of evidence has yet been made public that there is any ground for their apprehension. On the 8th of July a fire occurred in the town of Dallas, which led, it is said, to the discovery of "a diabolical plan to devastate the whole of Northern Texas." This plan was to lay the whole country in waste by fire, to destroy all arms and ammunition, and on election day in August to make a general insurrection of the slaves, aided by white persons in Texas and white emissaries from the North. That the little village of Dallas was burnt up, is probably true. But this occurred, it will be observed, as early as the 8th of July, and the telegraphic dispatch which sent the intelligence goes on to say that other fires are "*reported* to have occurred on the same day" at Blackjack Grove, Denton, Pilot Point, Ladonia, Belknap, Milford, and several other places, the aggregate loss of all which exceeded $700,000. Subsequently other fires and incendiary attempts were reported, but all, except perhaps, a conflagration in the town of Henderson, rest on no better authority than the "it is said," or "it is reported," the mere rumor, in short, of distant newspapers. Unsupported assertions have been plentiful from time to time, where facts, accurate and carefully verified, were specially needed. "A plot was discovered" to burn the town of Sulphur Springs. Dangerfield, in Titus County, was "reported" as added to the list of those laid in ashes. A discovery was made of a "design" upon Rusk, Cherokee County, the particulars of which "had not been received." A gentleman "just down from Waxahachie" informed an editor that "it was reported there that Tyler, in Smith County, and McKinney, in Collin County, had been burned." And "it seems," continues the journal, "that as fast as the fire is put out in one town, it is kindled in another, and no day passes but that the flames are rising in some portion of the State, kindled by the torches of Abolitionists."

Such are said to be the fruits of this diabolical plot; and, having so much, we naturally expect much more. An insurrection ripe enough to have advanced to conflagration all over a State—well organized enough to do all this with impunity—may well excite that worst of all panics to which we just now referred, and must be advancing in other ways to some final consummation. We have the fires—where are the incendiaries? We have the insurrection—where are the insurgents? There should be by this time some appalling accounts of fiends in human shape desolating peaceful homes; of armed bands of blacks thirsting for blood and furious with passion; of slaughtered men, of ravished women and murdered children. What have we? *The Cameron Sentinel* announces that, up to the 16th of August, the patrol of that town had found in the hands of the negroes four guns, one pistol and a dirkknife. Excepting this formidable report, and one other incidental statement, founded like everything else upon rumor, we have looked in vain to find any account of other arms in the hands of the supposed insurgents. Another statement we may except, which was that at Athens, Henderson County, the slaves were found to have one hundred bottles of strychnine, with which to poison the people, "and then the knife and the pistol with which they were well supplied." Without arms there can have been no arming, for, setting aside this last story as wanting in detail, four guns, one pistol and a dirkknife is an insurrectionary stock in trade which even Mr. Barnum's "What is it?" would be too wise to start in business with.

That any negroes have publicly banded together; that any murders have been committed by them; that there has been anywhere any symptom of violence or outbreak, or even any rumors of such violence, other than the alleged fires; that any of them have armed with murderous intent; for any of these things there is not the slightest evidence of weight enough to make it appear even in a Texas newspaper. The conductors of those sheets, and their informants, exhaust their powers of invention in the stories of conflagration. For these, with two or three exceptions, are reported solely upon rumor. The story of the strychnine, one would think, would have destroyed the credulity of the most alarmed. A hundred bottles of this deadly poison, a grain of which any man, however trustworthy and respectable he may seem to be, would find it difficult to purchase of any druggist in this city! A hundred bottles in the hands of negroes in a small and obscure frontier village in Texas, all of whose inhabitants, no doubt, could be disposed of by a vial full! Indeed, we are not sure that this preposterous statement may not yet suppress the insurrection, for some of the Texas journals are already beginning to hint that there has been no such thing as a plot in the State.

That there has been a panic there can be no doubt, nor has it been without a purpose or without results. In the telegraphic despatch which brought the first intelligence in regard to it, it was stated that the "Abolition preachers, Blunt and McKinney, who were expelled from the country last year, were the instigators." But these men left a Church behind them, and the enemies of Blunt and McKinney were also its enemies. It was determined, so we are informed, that the Methodist Church North should have no abiding place in Texas, and if its members could not, like Blunt and McKinney, be expelled, they could be murdered. How many have been hanged we know not, but on this point the Texas prints speak positively and announce the murder, at different places, and at different times, sometimes of one, sometimes of two, of three and of several. The panic has been real; but the cause was merely a determination to check the growing anti-slavery feeling in a religious body, and perhaps among the Germans of the West; and it is utterly destitute of any other reason. That it may not have ample ground for it, by and by, if the excitement is kept up much longer, we will not predict. It is dangerous playing with such an edge-tool as a possible servile insurrection. A popular frenzy, founded in the fear and distrust of a class who, if they did not know it before, will learn now that there is reason to fear and distrust them—such a frenzy, created for selfish purposes, may be turned to torment its inventors. They would then find too late that they have really kindled a consuming fire which they cannot so easily extinguish, and raised hands by thousands which will not wait for arms to commence the cruel and frightful work of a servile war.—*Tribune.*

LETTER FROM GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

8 CLAYTON PLACE, Kennington Road,
London, August 17, 1860.

MY DEAR GARRISON: Before this reaches you, you will have gathered from the papers which have been sent to THE STANDARD and *Liberator*, the particulars relative to the celebration of the First of August by the London Emancipation Committee, of which I am Chairman.

After the arrangements for our public meeting had been made, we were advised of the approach towards our shores of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, and at once decided that we could not make a better use of the anniversary of our brightest and best national achievement than by devoting it to the suitable reception, in the British metropolis, of one who had stood so nobly forth in assertion of the freedom of the pulpit, the anti-slavery teaching of the Bible, and the cause of the slave. We therefore resolved to present Dr. Cheever with an Address; to invite a large number of clergymen and laymen to be present on the occasion; and to afford our visitor the largest opportunity he might desire of declaring his anti-slavery views before a London audience.

I need not say my own heart leaped to meet the Doctor on his arrival. Was he not one of the very few who stood by my side in the city of Salem in that year, never to be forgotten by either of us—the year 1835—when you were the victim of mob violence in Boston, and I with my wife and infants resided under the roof of my tried and much beloved friend, the modest but cultivated, courageous and uncompromising friend of the slave, Thomas Spencer. Had he not been my guest in Edinburgh in 1836, and had I not marked his course from 1855 down to May last, when I saw him in his right place, on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society? He had, withal, been persecuted for righteousness' sake; persecuted in his own Church—persecuted on the outside of it—defamed by *The Herald*, reviled in *The Observer*, and misrepresented in *The Independent*. Had he not, also, in company with Wendell Phillips, faced the storm of a Democratic mob when rendering justice to the memory of the hero-saint, John Brown? He came to us, therefore, and to me especially, with credentials unimpeachable, and claims to our hospitality and love the most abundant. Well, we did our best to prove to him how deep was our respect and gratitude towards him for his intrepid devotion to a cause which has been basely betrayed by the great majority of the order to which he belongs.

The presentation of the Address was a most interesting scene. My own heart was too full for utterance—so also was Dr. Cheever's; but there was that which passeth words amongst us. I believe all present felt themselves more deeply baptized into the spirit of Him who is the great Deliverer, and whose whole gospel is summed up in the one word—*liberty*.

We held our public meeting in a large octagonal edifice—a recreant D. D. in your city knows it well—the Spafields Tabernacle, whose walls have often echoed the matchless tones of George Whitefield. The assembly gathered on the occasion was an inspiring one. About twenty ministers, Independent, Baptist, Episcopalian and Methodist, were present. A resolution welcoming Dr. Cheever was passed with resounding acclamations, and the Doctor then delivered a masterly oration, profound in thought, rich in imagery, convincing in argument, pungent in satire, terrible

considerations, as the certainty of Democratic defeat becomes more clearly developed. Old party ties are fast losing their binding force, and we will soon have in Virginia, if my information be correct, the spectacle of a sectional contest based upon the peculiar and national interests of each. Every man of influence in the State has, it appears, for years been seeking to divest the relations of the two sections of a sectional cast; and so far they succeeded pretty well, with the aid of the strong party affinities to which I have referred. But the union was rather heterogeneous. It was a union characterized by a too great conflict of interests to be harmonious or abiding.

This fact has full confirmation in the coincidence of a decided manifestation of dissatisfaction in this section at the expense of defending the slave property of the East, with the break up of the Democratic party. A proper proportion of the money heretofore appropriated for the protection of slave property had to be borne by the West, while they had nothing like an acceptable interest in its preservation. In addition to this common bond of party union which I have presented as a motive for submission to this injustice, I would mention another motive, no less potent perhaps, and that is the need that existed for Eastern support to enable the West to carry out the system of internal improvements upon which they had entered. This motive may now be said no longer to exist. The completion of the great works inaugurated in that section may now be said to be fully guaranteed. The Covington and Ohio Railroad, which starts at the town of Covington, running through here to the Ohio river, has attained a stage of advancement which would render its abandonment a serious loss to the State. From three to four millions of dollars have already been expended upon it, and the East will hardly sacrifice that amount to the gratification of sectional antipathy. And, then, the James river and Kanawha canal will soon pass, if it has not already, into the hands of a wealthy French company, who possess an immense tract of the richest coal mining lands in the world along the contemplated line of that great work. This, of course, places the canal beyond the reach of any interest, and it can no more be made the medium to gratify sectional hostility.

Here, then, are removed the three great motives which enjoined submission on the part of Western Virginia to disproportionate taxation for the protection of a species of property in which they had little or no interest. With the assumption of the position of independence thus opened to them, I take it that the intention ascribed to them, of instituting an emancipation movement, is seriously entertained. The fact comes to me from a highly respectable source, whom I know to be intimately conversant with the sentiments of the prominent men of Western Virginia. The movement, it appears, is to be instituted with reference to a change in the basis of taxation by the reform convention, which is to assemble in Virginia in a year or two hence, in conformity with a provision in the Constitution adopted in 1851. The success of this emancipation scheme in Western Virginia would, it is supposed, remove every pretext to subject the people of that section to any portion of the expense incurred hereafter for the protection of slave property, of which they would hold none.

The times are sadly out of joint, and the prospects of a still more serious dislocation are imminent. Demoralization is said to be rapidly spreading in the non-slaveholding sections of Virginia, through the influence of black Republican prestige and the certain foreshadowings of its ascendency in November next. Power and patronage have always their attractions. I care not how illy constituted they may be. That monster iniquity has its sympathizers in advance, even among those who have grown fat upon the products of slave labor. The traitor is boldly raising his head in recognition of the glittering prize which is to reward his treachery. Under the influence of the prospective advantages to be derived by some parties in the South whose positions heretofore have at best been equivocal, the mask is day by day being thrown off, and instead of the mere expression of opposition to a breaking up of the Union in the event of Lincoln's election—which was the amount of their hostility to black Republican ascendency a few months ago—I am told it is now no uncommon thing in Western Virginia to hear men openly express sentiments of good-will and sympathy with this cause. This, however, is in perfect keeping with the purpose I have already referred to as being entertained by parties in this section. In fact, it derives much of its impetus from the foreshadowed success of Lincoln; but the spirit of sectionalism which such a movement will inaugurate in Virginia must prove disastrous to her best interests.

A STRAW ON THE TIDE.

The New York *Evangelist* says, that at a meeting in London to celebrate West India Emancipation, Dr. Cheever spoke *violently* against the support given to slavery by the Churches of America.

So, no doubt, the conductors of *The Jerusalem Evangelist* informed the people of that city, many years ago, that one Jesus had made a *violent* attack upon certain respectable citizens who were carrying on their regular trade in doves and specie in the Temple.

In both the above cases, half the truth is accurately expressed. In both of them, also, a disposition is manifested to censure the "violence" in question, entirely irrespective of its cause, namely, the existence of a vicious system, the popularity of which made this energy of opposition absolutely necessary.

It is not to be wondered at, however, that *The Evangelist* and *The Independent* should labor very diligently to discredit Dr. Cheever. It is immensely important to them that *his* exposure of their dishonesty should not get a fair hearing in England. To the full and incontrovertible exposures of this sort which have been made by Abolitionists heretofore, they have replied by shouting "Infidel! Infidel!"—a charge which, however false, had the intended effect of diverting the attention of many persons from the *evidence* in question. But when this same evidence shall be presented by their clerical brother, Dr. Cheever, a man against whom charges of unsoundness in the faith would be as destitute of plausibility as of truth, the case will be immensely altered. He will be able to convince British Christians of the fact which pro-slavery "religious" papers and pro-slavery clergymen have so largely succeeded in concealing from them, that the whole religion of this country has been corrupted by its slavery. So far as he shall be fairly heard, the essential dishonesty of the great American sects, "religious" newspapers and propagandist Societies (Tract, Bible and Missionary), in their action and inaction concerning slavery, will be made apparent.—C. K. W.—*Liberator.*

DR. COX TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Here is a curious relic of the time when the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., was a red-hot Abolitionist. It certainly offers a curious contrast to the same divine's present worship of the slave-driver's whip and coffle as the great emblems of our political salvation:

New York, Feb. 27, 1835.

Hon. John Dickson—*Honored Sir:* You will understand me without a multiplicity of words, if I merely say that, having received and read your late speech in Congress on the memorial for the abolition of slavery in the metropolitan district, I heartily rejoice, as thousands on earth and all in heaven also do, at the sentiments it utters, the cause it supports, the motives it infers, the courage it evinces, the magnanimity it implies, and the achievement it effects, to the true honor of our country and the best hopes of the world. I bless God for leading your mind to a position so morally splendid, when I see posterity blessing him also for the same thing! Nothing but truth can be the permanent resting place of mind; and you have advocated truth against the moral, the political, and even the religionizing heresy of this hypocritical nation! I know, indeed, that there are myriads among us that think with you: that their numbers are perpetually increasing; that all the changes are in *one* direction, and that a right one; and that your creed will hasten to become the creed of the nation and of the world, *facente Deo*, on this important theme; and I can say, "With all thy faults, I love thee still, my country."

This cause, dear sir, with its principles, is a part of my religion—because, *I am sure* it is an essential constituent of Christianity. The support which the Bible gives to slavery, or oppression of any sort, is morbidly imaginary and demonstrably false! This is eminently true in the New, the last, the best Dispensation of the grace of God. The partition wall of nations is prostrate.

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

The charter of fraternity is the evangelical commission, directed "to every creature" in "all the world." Instead of national Israel and the ancient theocracy, all nations are, objectively, Israelites and brethren; and when did even the grossest interpreter pretend that the Bible allows an Israelite to buy and own and sell an Israelite? Making allowance for the power of ignorance, education, prejudice, and so forth, a man who would trade in man would buy and sell Almighty God himself for thirty pieces of silver, and virtually does so whenever he vends or purchases "his image" of humanity! But enough; and yet, as a Christian, I could not have said less; and, as a man, the species are my brothers, and I say with Terence—an African and once a slave—*Homo sum, nil humanum a me alienum puto*; the sentiment that once electrified a Roman amphitheatre, and woke in human bosoms the thundering echoes of nature's approbation—I speak, of course, of nature purely, the *pura naturalia* of man.

You have already lived a thousand common lifetimes, and I pray God to preserve you through a million. May the God of Wilberforce fill you with his wisdom, and bless your influence widely on this nation.

I shall ever be happy to see and to serve you.

Very respectfully, yours, etc., Sam'l H. Cox.

Notice to the Public.—The Winslow House at St. Anthony is kept by me. C. W. McLean, the man who, when a colored woman was brought before Judge Vanderburgh, and declared to be free, *proposed to kidnap her before she left the Court House.* If our Eastern friends and the public generally wish to patronize *a would-be kidnapper*, C. W. McLean of the Winslow House, St. Anthony, is their man.—*Minneapolis* (Minn.) *State Atlas, Aug. 29, 1860.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

SLAVERY AND PAUPERISM.

One of the favorite arguments of those political economists, like Mr. De Bow, who think the great problem of the relation of wages to labor is best settled by omitting the article of wages entirely, is, the existence and growth of pauperism in the free States and especially in England. With that happy gift at assuming all the facts necessary to establish their theory which eminently belongs to all defenders of all systems of tyranny, they take it for granted that pauperism is not only a great but a growing evil, which is, at no remote day, to eat out the heart of the prosperity of every country where labor is left free to make its own market. Particularly do they delight in "pointing their moral," as they certainly "adorn their *tale*," by exulting over the speedy downfall of England, through the invasion of the gathering hordes of the starving barbarians she is training up to devour her. The lying spirit which takes possession of every slaveholding and pro-slavery champion when the results of West India Emancipation are in question, rules the hour whenever they contrast the condition of the poorest classes of England and the free States with the slaves of the South. They forget that their whole system of slavery is only a system of pauperism under another name. Every slave quarter is but a poor-house, or a Union, as it is called in England, and every plantation a Town-farm, as the New England establishments are denominated. Now, a Town-farm is not regarded as an example of agricultural possibilities. It is a means of employing the few able-bodied paupers and amusing the disabled ones, with the purpose of making the poor support themselves as far as it can be done, and to give no premium to robust idleness. And yet we verily believe that a New England Town-farm is more productive than a plantation in any of the farming slave States, of equal acreage, setting aside the profits on the sale of the human live stock. At any rate, the problem of pauperism has been fairly met and measurably solved. Certainly, there is no apprehension in this country from the overwhelming growth of free labor pauperism at the North. Would that we were as free from the mischiefs entailed upon us by the political power given to slave labor pauperism at the South! And even in England we have blessed reason to believe that, so far from civilization being in danger from pauperism, she is constantly subduing and gradually diminishing this enemy to her progress, and that only by a spirit of justice and enlightened wisdom.

Notwithstanding the interruption of labor in London and Dublin and some other places, in consequence of the strikes for more wages or less time, the substantial prosperity of England was probably never better established than now. Indeed, strikes are generally diseases of a full habit, and not a spare one, of the body politic. In hard times the laborers are but too glad to get what they can for the work they bring to market, and in better days they naturally enough wish to run its price up as high as they may. It is but the wholesome competition of demand and supply, by which all nature's discord makes all nature's peace. But the Poor Law Returns are the surest guage of the national prosperity, by showing the proportion which the dregs of the State, of which they treat, bear to the whole of its volume. And the last Returns published are of a very encouraging complexion, and fully justified the congratulations which Her Majesty was made to indulge in by her Cabinet, in her speech proroguing Parliament, last autumn, on the general well-being and contentment prevailing throughout the kingdom.

These Reports, which may be properly enough termed the Vital Statistics of the Empire, are most carefully prepared, and accurately present the condition of pauperism for every week in the year, so that accurate comparisons can be made of one year with another, and just deductions drawn from them. The year between Lady-Day 1857 and 1858 was the singularly disastrous one of the Panic and the consequent distresses in the manufacturing counties. Notwithstanding this drawback, the sum actually expended for indoor and outdoor relief was less, by more than £20,000, than the year before—not a large sum when compared with the total amount of £6,000,000, applied to the support or assistance of the poor, but certainly a very encouraging fact under these disadvantageous circumstances. As many as thirty-three counties exhibit a marked positive improvement, while only fourteen had gone backward, and but three to any material degree. These were the counties of Chester, Nottingham and Lancaster, in which the deterioration was amply accounted for by the temporary disturbance of manufactures by the crisis of 1857. In London the improvement was as perceptible as anywhere else, and every week of the year, but three, showed a less number of applications for relief than the corresponding weeks of the preceding year. All which seems to show that the substantial prosperity of England is not so entirely bound up with our cotton bales as cotton-raisers, and cotton-brokers, and cotton-shippers would have us suppose.

From the 1st of January, 1858, to the 1st of January, 1859, the number of persons, of all classes, receiving assistance, was 9 per cent. less than during the previous twelvemonth; so that the actual expense, indoor and out, was less in 1858 than in 1857. And, which is a more significant fact, the number of able-bodied applicants for relief was less by 19 per cent. The average of paupers for nine years has diminished 16 per cent., and that of able-bodied ones 32 per cent., while the population has been increasing all the while. And in 1834 it cost more to support the poor of England, when the population was but 14,000,000, than it did last year, when it was 20,000,000. These are of the description of facts that may be supposed not to lie, because it is the interest of nobody to make them tell anything but the truth; besides that, the frequency of the returns would almost make it impossible. So that the satisfactory conclusion may be drawn, from the diminution of the lees and settlings of the State, that the wholesomeness of the main body is improving. It shows that, on the whole, work is plenty, or at least to be had, and for remunerative or at least living wages. We have been assured by intelligent observers who visited England forty-five years ago, just after the Napoleonic wars were done, and again recently, that the change in the external appearance of the lower classes is most marked and gratifying. Much as may remain to be done to make their condition what it should be, poverty was much more gaunt, and grim, and squalid, clothed in worse rags and ghastly with worse diseases, then, than it now presents itself to the eye. This is but a confirmation of the revelations of the Poor Law Board.

All these things are satisfactory proofs that the Good Time seen Coming in vision of the prophet Mackay is actually on its way, and, though we can hardly hope that the poor will ever cease to be with us on earth, that their number may be gradually diminished and their condition made better. The great problem of modern English society has seemed to be, how to reconcile the mass of want and misery which underlies its fabric with the splendors of the edifice superinduced upon it. The Poor Laws, which were first introduced to supply the place of the monastic hospitality of Catholic times, have ever been a vexation to the spirit of British statesmen and philanthropists. And, from the workings of the present system, as amended by Peel and his fellow-workers, though not faultless, it seems to be the best shape it has yet taken. Its principle is, to recognize the right of every man in need of help to receive it; but not under conditions which should make him prefer the assistance of the public to that of his own independent hands. The number of the English poor and the amount of money expended upon their relief have been made arguments against the substance of English civilization. As if pauperism were an evil confined to England! There, it is recognized and encountered face to face, as is done nowhere on the continent, to the same extent. Pauperism is scientifically examined, its facts sought out, its details tabularized and everything connected with it published to the world. The poverty that forces itself upon the sight in most continental cities, in the shape of the most revolting beggary, is laid upon the table of Parliament in an annual crop of blue books, and laid upon all the breakfast tables of England in the comments of the press. And the result of all the thought thus forced on the subject is the steady reduction of the evil.

And as to the expense of maintaining the Poor Law system in England, we should look at it relatively to the other regular expenditures, and not in its absolute amount, in order to judge whether it is likely to crush the nation. Six millions sterling is a large sum to devote to the relief of the troops of halt, lame, blind, as well as of those able to work who cannot find work to do. But it is a very inconsiderable fraction of the number of millions cheerfully expended in the maintenance of the army and navy, the building of ships, the construction of fortifications, the casting of ordnance, and all the preparation for the defence of the nation. We do not propose to deny that these expenditures may be inevitable, in the present state of the world; but when these greater sums are cheerfully paid for protection against dangers, real or imaginary, there need be little apprehension that the English nation will be overwhelmed by the lesser sums required for the support of the helpless classes at home. This diminution of pauperism is another evidence of the folly of that croaking philosophy which would frighten men away from attempting beneficial reforms by its ill-boding cries that the future can never be better, but must be worse, than the past. The expectation of human life is longer now than it was a hundred years ago, the safety of life and property from crime is proportionably greater, poverty and misery have also diminished in a happy ratio. If men live longer, and safer, and happier than they used to do, what is to hinder betterments in all these particulars in time to come? The only way to cure social diseases is to examine all their conditions, to ascertain their symptoms and to divine their cure. Much empiricism is inevitable; but empiricism must precede true curative science, in the natural course of things. Honest quackery is better than unfeeling stolidity that looks on at suffering and lets it alone. The wine and oil that the Good Samaritan poured into the man's wounds that had fallen among thieves, it is very likely were not the very wisest of vulnerary applications, but they were better than the hard-hearted indifference of the Priest and the Levite. We may therefore justly rejoice in view of the mitigation of the severity of the chronic pauperism that has so long afflicted the English people, and learn from their clinical experience lessons that may serve ourselves in the treatment of our own social maladies.

MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.

Anxious to afford our readers the means of forming an intelligent judgment of the principles and professions of the only political party that solicits their votes upon anti-slavery grounds, we publish this week the speech lately delivered by Gov. Seward at Detroit, fearlessly commending it to their careful and patient consideration. We cannot persuade ourselves that the weakest of them all, even the babes of the cause, will need our aid to enable them to see how weak and sophistical it is in regard to some most important points; and especially in the assumption that the National Government was organized upon sound principles, and took its departure "from the right and safe way" only when it adopted the Missouri Compromise! It seems astonishing to us that Mr. Seward does not see in that Compromise the legitimate fruit of the seeds planted in the Constitution itself—in the provisions for slave representation, for the protection of the foreign slave trade, for repressing by force the efforts of the slaves to break their own fetters, and for the rendition of fugitive slaves; provisions which certainly involve the free States in fearful responsibility for the crime of slavery where it exists, independently of all the issues that have been raised by the efforts of the slaveholders to extend their infernal system into new territories. Equally strange does it appear to us that Mr. Seward can dream of peace and fraternity between the free and the slaveholding States, to be established merely by preventing the extension of slavery, while the whole power of the Government is still exerted for the protection of the system where it exists.

Mr. Seward's test of statesmanship strikes us as radically deficient. He says: "He who proposes means so impracticable that he can win no party to his support, may be a philanthropist, but cannot be a statesman." If we understand the force of this remark, it implies that the statesman is at liberty to depart so far from the standard of absolute justice and rectitude as may be necessary to "win a party to his support," and that he can attest his statesmanship only by his success in this particular. The man who heartily believes that "righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people," who adjusts all his plans and activities to this infallible law, and is willing to forego all chance of political promotion and wait patiently, a whole generation if need be, to see the fruit of his labors, "*may* be a philanthropist, but *cannot* be a statesman"! Well, if a statesman, in order to "win a party," must suppress his highest convictions and connive at wrong, is it not better to be a philanthropist, and thus keep one's conscience and self-respect? Philanthropists proclaimed twenty-five years ago the truth which Mr. Seward either did not see, or, seeing, dared not avouch, lest he should fail to "win a party." He admits now the truth of what Abolitionists told him long since, viz.: that the Whig party, in common with its rival, was "organized not specially to establish justice and maintain freedom and equality among an honest, jealous and liberty-loving people, but to achieve some material public advantage of temporary importance," and that its "too narrow foundations were laid in compromises of natural justice and human rights." For telling this plain truth Abolitionists were sneered at as "no statesmen, but only philanthropists," but their sagacity is now vindicated by Mr. Seward himself. We tell him now that the Republican party is obnoxious to the same objection; that its foundations also are too narrow, being "laid in compromises of natural justice and human rights," and therefore unable to withstand the "expansion of the public conscience" under the moral pressure of the slavery question; and, unless it "consents to be immediately renewed and reorganized, borrowing needful elements of health and vigor from a cordial embrace with the humane spirit of the age," it must, in its turn, go to destruction.—But we have neither time nor space for further criticism.

H. Ford Douglass.—We must plead forgetfulness as an apology for neglecting to call attention, last week, to Mr. Douglass's appointments for lectures in the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. On his way west, to attend the anniversary at Salem, Ohio, and to visit his family at Chicago, he made arrangements to speak at several prominent points. His last appointment is for Cleveland to-morrow (Sunday). *The Liberator* says: "Our gifted colored coadjutor will return to Massachusetts in the fall, to renew his labors. We are happy to announce that he is to give one of the Fraternity Course of Lectures in this city next winter (which is to be opened by Hon. Charles Sumner), and we hope he will receive numerous invitations of a similar character, as he will be sure to give high satisfaction as a most pleasing, accomplished and eloquent speaker. Letters may be addressed to him at Chicago, Ill., or to the care of E. H. Heywood, Anti-Slavery Office, Boston.

Aaron M. Powell will attend a series of Anti-Slavery meetings, as Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in ULSTER and SULLIVAN Counties (N. Y.), from the 10th to the 25th of September. Our readers in those Counties, desirous of meetings in their respective localities, will address him at Ellenville (Ulster Co.), N. Y., care of M. Deponai, Esq., until Sept. 20th.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

If Dickens could spend a short time in watching the proceedings, or rather the "turnings and twistings," of American ecclesiastical bodies in reference to the slavery question, he would find that they had brought the science of "How Not to Do It" to a degree of perfection never attained or even dreamed of in the British "Circumlocution Office." Take, for example, the action of the General Association of Orthodox Congregational ministers, at its meeting lately held in Claremont. Rev. Henry T. Cheever, Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, arrived at the place the day before the meeting, and in the evening, by permission of the pastor, delivered an anti-slavery address in the Congregational Church. Some of the members of the Association, having arrived in time, listened with apparent interest to his exposition of anti-slavery principles and measures, and the audience, made up chiefly of residents of the place, responded so heartily to his views, that strong hopes were entertained that the Association, on coming together in an atmosphere made wholesome by this deterging process, would be constrained to take earnest and decided action against the reigning abomination of the land. How these hopes were blasted a brief tale will reveal. In the first place, the cunning wire-pullers, to avert suspicion as to their ultimate purpose, put Mr. Cheever on the same footing with the agents of the Tract, Bible, and Missionary Societies, and allowed him to speak ten minutes before the body in explanation of the objects of the association of which he was the representative. This, certainly, *seemed* fair, and we need not wonder if Mr. Cheever was somewhat elated, especially when, at the close of his address, the following resolutions (probably prepared by his own hand) were presented by the Committee on Overtures:

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Association, inasmuch as it is an undeniable fact that Christian Churches and the Christian ministry do, in our country, exert a powerful influence upon public opinion and practice, therefore, on the subject of slavery and upon the practice of slaveholding—that is, the holding of man as property—the teachings of the pulpit and of the Church must necessarily be in the highest degree influential, and, if right, must be conclusive and controlling.

Resolved, That if God has lodged such an influence with the Christian Church and ministry, and if the position taken by an eminent divine in this country (Rev. Albert Barnes) be the true one, viz: "That there is no power out of the Church that could sustain slavery an hour, if it were not sustained in it,"—then, it is manifest that the responsibility of a longer continuance of slavery in the United States rests mainly with Christian Churches and ministers.

Resolved, further, That in the view of this Association, the Church Anti-Slavery Society, which seems to have arisen out of this deep conviction of church-responsibility in regard to slavery, in the minds of a few Christian brethren, should have the warm cooperation of other ministers and Christians, in its honest attempt to array the Churches against slavery, and to procure from their pulpits a clear expression of Christian abhorrence of slaveholding, and a refusal of Christian fellowship with slaveholders on account of their slaveholding, as the scriptural means of reaching the consciences of slaveholders, and bringing them to repentance and abandonment of their sin.

We have no doubt that these resolutions expressed the honest sentiments of a majority of the members of the General Association; and if they had been put to vote on the spot, it is not unlikely that they would have been adopted. But the cunning ecclesiastical tricksters of the body knew by long experience "How Not to Do It," and they had their way, of course. First, the resolutions were laid on the table, to give time for the wire-pulling necessary for their defeat, their friends meanwhile, probably, suspecting no trick, but feeling sure that all would go right. At length the resolutions were taken up for discussion, when Rev. E. H. Greeley offered a substitute, which was adopted, as follows:

Resolved, That the disapproval and abhorrence of the grievous sin and wrong of slavery and slaveholding often expressed by this body, continues unabated; and in view of the powerful influence exerted upon public opinion and practice by Christian churches and the Christian ministry, this sin and wrong should, in its judgment, meet the same kind yet firm, decided and constant rebuke in the ministrations of the pulpit and the action of Christians, with which other practices of moral wrongs are visited.

This is somewhat better than the treatment accorded to a similar effort, in June last, to commit the Connecticut General Association to an endorsement of the abolitionism of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. It is, in words at least, a decided advance upon the previous action of most of the Congregational bodies of New England, to declare *slaveholding* a sin to be treated "with the same decided and constant rebuke with which other practices of moral wrongs are visited." But the resolution carefully avoids the committal of the body to the doctrine of non-fellowship with slaveholders on account of their slaveholding, and as carefully evades the issue made in behalf of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. It is, indeed, an ingenious form of words, such as ecclesiastical managers are used to, whereby to avoid the outspoken adoption of abolitionism, and yet *seem* to keep the credit of having been always anti-slavery. The truth is, there is a cross in simple abolitionism which these gentlemen are not yet willing to bear. As (according to *The Boston Recorder*) "a cloud passed over the faces of most of the ministers on the platform," at the late 1st of August meeting in London, "when Dr. Cheever said a good word for Mr. Garrison," so in this country clerical faces gather blackness when they are called to countenance anything like genuine abolitionism, though it be enunciated from the Church stand-point, and by lips of purest orthodoxy.

The fate of all efforts, hitherto, to get an endorsement of the Church Anti-Slavery Society by any of the ministerial bodies, or organs that have refused to cooperate with the American Anti-Slavery Society, proves conclusively, just what is apparent from the treatment given to Dr. Cheever in the same quarters, that it is genuine abolitionism which they cannot bear. But clerical stomachs will have to accept it sooner or later, because the people are fast coming to it.

That the resolution really amounts to nothing, and was only intended to blind the eyes of the people to the practical pro-slavery position and influence of New Hampshire Congregationalism is manifest from a single fact. The anniversary of the State Bible Society was, as usual, held in connection with the meeting of the General Association, the principal members and managers of both bodies being the same persons. First in the list of Vice-Presidents of the Society, elected at the close of the public anniversary, we find the name of "Rev. Nathan Lord, D. D., Hanover," than whom there is not, even in South Carolina, a more thorough champion of slavery as a divine and God-ordained institution. As President of Dartmouth College, he teaches the "young idea" of the candidates for New Hampshire pulpits "how to shoot" in conformity to a system which annihilates the distinction between personality and property, and buys and sells as chattels the immortal children of God! And among all the ministers assembled at Claremont, and calling themselves anti-slavery, there was not found even *one* to protest against the appointment of such a man to the honorable post of Vice-President of the Bible Society!

We feel bound, in the interest alike of sound abolitionism and pure Christianity, to protest against the admission, fairly implied if not positively expressed, in the resolutions presented to the New Hampshire Association by the Committee on Overtures (written, we presume, by Mr. Cheever himself), viz.: that the Churches which constantly flout the cause of the slave, and the ministers who either support slavery, or refuse to testify against it as a sin, are *Christian* Churches and ministers. We really wish the enlightened Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society would cease to stultify himself in this way. The criticism of such Churches and ministers which proceeds upon this admission is of little worth.

Scotland against Slavery.—The Tri-centenary of the Reformation in Scotland was celebrated in a very imposing manner, at Edinburgh, beginning on the 14th ult. The most eminent Presbyterian clergymen of the country took part in the celebration. The opening sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, "the most attractive pulpit orator, not in Edinburgh only, but in Scotland." He took for his text the words, "The truth shall make you free." The correspondent of *The New York Observer* says, "It was universally felt that Dr. Guthrie had risen to the dignity of the occasion, and that he had nobly vindicated the Reformation as the cause alike of civil and religious freedom." The same writer gives us also this very welcome piece of information, viz.: "In one passage of the sermon a very pointed allusion was made to the question of American slavery, and in a vehement outpouring the preacher gave expression to those sentiments on the subject with which his name has been associated on both sides of the Atlantic." The correspondent, probably from a desire to alleviate the displeasure likely to be excited by this announcement, and to please the pro-slavery editors of *The Observer*, immediately adds: "Nothing is easier than to indulge in wholesale declamation on this theme, and nothing is more likely to draw down popular applause. But those who know anything of the difficulties that beset the practical treatment of this question will refuse to join in an indiscriminate censure of their brethren in America who cannot go along with the abettors of headlong change." In reply to which we have only to say, that "nothing is easier" than to attempt to break the force of every earnest protest against the sin of slaveholding by prating of "the difficulties that beset the practical treatment" of the question; as if *any* difficulties could justify the continuance of a crime!

DR. CHEEVER AND THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

We have never witnessed a more striking example of hypocritical effrontery than was displayed by *The Independent* in claiming Dr. Cheever, in his anti-slavery character, "as only a *product* and a *representative*" of what it vaunts as "the genuine Christian anti-slavery sentiment of the United States"—meaning, of course, the sort of "anti-slavery sentiment" which finds utterance in its own editorial columns and in those of the Boston *Congregationalist*, the Chicago *Congregational Herald*, etc. These journals, instead of supporting Dr. Cheever in his struggle with the minions of the Slave Power, have all along taken the course best adapted to give aid and comfort to his enemies in their efforts to expel him from his pulpit as an "ultraist" and a "disturber of the peace of the Church"; and yet, when he is about to cross the water, to appeal for aid to the Christian Abolitionists of Great Britain, lo! the file-leader of Congregational journalism, with a hardihood of self-stultifying audacity almost without parallel, tells the people of that country that the abolitionism which they will hear from his lips is identical with that maintained by itself and "held and preached by hundreds of Congregational pastors" in America!

Dr. Cheever, we have no doubt, will be able to make perfectly clear to his English auditors the radical difference between the abolitionism which *he* inculcates, and for which he is suffering ecclesiastical ostracism, and the pinchbeck resemblance thereof which *The Independent* would like to have pass current on that side of the water; but we happen to have it in our power to aid him in this discriminative demonstration by the application of a test, the justice of which will be apparent to all.

Dr. Cheever, says *The Independent*, is "a *product* and a *representative* of the genuine Christian anti-slavery sentiment of the United States"—*i. e.*, the sentiment maintained by itself and the other self-styled anti-slavery organs of American Congregationalism. Of course, then, those journals must be supposed to cherish a sympathetic and heartfelt interest in all his labors on the other side of the water, and they will be careful to note, for the information of their readers, all his chief sayings and doings, to rejoice in his successes, to sympathize with him in his trials and disappointments, and give him assurance, from time to time, that in his efforts to array the moral influence of Great Britain against American slavery he has their hearty support. But do they evince the sincerity of their professions of regard for him and his cause in any of these ways? Not at all. Not a single paragraph of his London speech have they copied, while every allusion they make to his movements only serves to reveal their hostility or utter indifference to the cause in which he is engaged. Suppose he had gone to Great Britain as the champion of the Bible, the Tract, or the Missionary cause, in which those journals really do feel a hearty interest: how eagerly they would have reported all his movements and printed and applauded his public addresses; but his anti-slavery speeches, which stir the hearts of the English people like the blast of a trumpet, find their way to American eyes and ears only in papers which these pretenders to anti-slavery arrogantly and mendaciously stigmatize as "infidel"! We think the English people will not need to be told to what inference this fact indubitably points.

POLITICAL RELATIONS.—III.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

When such conclusions are urged as I ventured, Mr. Editor, in The Standard of Sept. 1st, to define and commend, I hear voices, "scattered 'all around, exclaim: Mere abstractions! Airy theory! Utterly *impracticable* amidst the disturbing forces and grim necessities to which we are now exposed! Whatever might be effected among the dreams of Utopia, the wildest visionary could hardly hope that such lofty, ethereal principles could here be reduced to practice.

If the views, objects, methods, with which my paragraphs are occupied, are impracticable, they may well be pronounced worthless, and in all respects treated accordingly. To this point, then, our attention may at once well be directed.

The arrangements and agencies of what bears the name of civil government may be adjusted either to the constructive principles or to the incidents of our humanity. The first are universal, immutable, permanent. They are the essential elements of the nature we have inherited. They assert their authority over all men, however they may be incidentally distinguished from each other. As pervaded, animated, upheld by their sovereign influence, all men are alike—occupy common ground. In other respects, a wide diversity prevails among them. They differ from each other very variously. Hence they have been divided into races. One complexion prevails here and another there. Their forms and features are variously modified. They are, moreover, divided one from another by geographical necessities and arrangements. They are broken up into nations and provinces; then into circles and families; and, at length, into individuals. Thus they are set apart from each other, *incidentally*. There is nothing here which is common to them all—nothing which characterizes them as human.

Now, when individuals or communities estimate their worth and graduate their claims according to what I have described as the *incidents* of their existence, they plunge, in doing so, into the depths of *selfishness*. For this consists in setting the individual above the essential of our humanity. If I hold myself in high estimation for what is *peculiar* to me in distinction from what I have in *common with mankind*—think highly of myself *not because I am* a man, but because I am an American, with a white skin, akin to a family distinguished by genius, or wealth, or culture, or achievement, bearing a name which is often repeated in tones of admiration; or because I am remarkable for a lofty stature, or great strength, or beauty of countenance, or a powerful, musical voice—if, on any such account, I set myself above my fellows, however distinguished they may be for wisdom, magnanimity and power, I am, in taking such an attitude, meanly, flagrantly, odiously, damnably selfish. In this, this only, this always, that loathsome quality consists. *That I betray, if I place what is peculiar to myself, under my own name, above what I possess as a man in common with my fellows.*

If, as belonging to a community and thus representing it, I adjust myself in my political relations to the incidents of my existence, and if a majority of my fellows unite with me in assuming any such position, then do we make *selfishness the* very basis, to which we adjust ourselves in any combination we may form, in any arrangements we may introduce, in any agencies we may employ. We do not act as men; we act as Americans, or as whites, or as distinguished for wealth, or culture, or renown. We make *ourselves*, as set apart *so or thus from mankind* at large, the central point, from which all thought, design and endeavor shall proceed, and to which all results must be brought into full subserviency.

Now, selfishness, in its very nature—in all its tendencies and bearings and influences—however and wherever employed, is *evermore radically* divisive. It is the very fountain of discord. It sets its subjects, each under his own name, above human nature. Every one under its control claims, in behalf of his clan, or caste, or clique, or sect, or party, or race, what his fellows cannot render without the sacrifice of their rights and prerogatives and prospects as human—as members of the family of Adam. Thus the white demands the sacrifice of the negro; the American, of the Mexican; the rich, of the poor; the learned, of the rude; one party or sect or clan, of all other parties or sects or clans. The universal must be postponed to the partial; the immutable, to the changeable; the permanent, to the temporary.

I deny that it can be *practicable* to effect anything worthy of human thought and endeavor on any such basis. Selfishness is never constructive—is always destructive. The combinations, arrangements, agencies, which it may bring into requisition, are, from their very inception, doomed and damned. They are always "conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity." On whatever scale they may be introduced—however imposing and pretentious they may be in aspect and design, whatever place they may aspire to among the falsehoods of what is called history, "die" they must, speedily and surely. But I must pause a little.

Beriah Green.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

A word in love to slaveholders and their defenders.

Liberty and slavery are direct and absolute antagonisms, and, while the principles of human nature exist, cannot dwell together in harmony. The reason is obvious. The one consists in a *recognition* of the principles of man's nature and their unobstructed exercise. The other consists in a *non-recognition* of the principles of man's nature, and a *suppression* of their exercise. Consequently, if a government is made up of a confederation of States, in some of which slavery exists and is tenaciously cherished, and in others of which slavery does not exist, but, by the force of moral and religious principle, is deprecated and repudiated, there cannot fail to be an "irrepressible conflict" between slavery and freedom, so long as the confederation lasts, and human rights, which have their basis in the principles of man's nature, are recognized; and this conflict must inevitably continue till one or the other—freedom or slavery—is extinguished.

And what is true of a confederation of States is equally true of any single State, or smaller federation, in which slavery exists, with only this difference, that the low state of intelligence in which slavery, for its own security, keeps its victims, will naturally make the conflict less prompt and energetic in its development.

Slavery is a continual war on human nature. It dehumanizes, *unmans* its victim, makes a chattel, a mere beast of burden of him, so far as is needful to render him subservient to the master. It not only prohibits the exercise of the faculties God has given him to use, to bless himself and his fellow-beings, but it disregards and sweeps away all the most sacred and endearing relations of life—the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, friend and friend. Ah! it does more—it scouts chastity, refuses protection to female virtue, and actually invites its violation, by forbidding, on pain of death, the assailed to raise a hand in self-defence against the assailant!

But not only is *the slave* dehumanized, the finest feelings of his nature crushed out, the most sacred relations that belong to human beings denied him, and the most beneficent offices and duties of life prohibited and rendered nugatory; by a law of the Universal Parent, the wrong done to a brother man reacts on the wrong-doer. He cannot violate the rights and feelings which God has made inseparable from man, without at the same time doing violence to the divinest and holiest principles of his own nature, and degrading and sinking himself immensely in the scale of being. Thus there is a continual "irrepressible conflict" going on in himself, between the beautiful and benevolent, and the unlovely and malevolent, manifestations of human character; between love of God and love of man, which are inseparable, and the action of principles antagonistic to that love. Witness the selfish imperiousness, the irritation and anger (of which Jefferson speaks*), the cruelty and inhumanity, which grow spontaneously out of the relation of master and slave, and the unparalleled *licentiousness*, sickening to contemplate, which is the natural result of the utterly helpless condition to which the slave code dooms the female slaves.

Look at another fact. Slavery, by depriving human beings, for no fault of their own, of the use of the faculties which God has given them, and the exercise of the responsibilities which he has made commensurate with the gift, steps between them and their God, impiously declaring to the Supreme, in the language of conduct, "I, not thou, shall be their governor"; thus undeniably proving the "instit

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, August 17, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE talk here is all about the weather, the Irish Brigade, and Garibaldi. As to the seasons, I don't know what to say of them. Winter set in about the first of last October, and continued, for six months, a varied round of cold, rain, frost, storm and snow, such as the oldest inhabitant could not remember in his remotest years. Spring and summer have been little more propitious, while there would seem to be less excuse for them. One naturally looks for a cheerful spring and a genial summer, and we poor hyperboreans have had neither. The gloomy skies and the heavy rain are most depressing. The hay has been saved with great difficulty, and as to our corn crops, between the absence of sunshine and the frequency of pelting showers, there is no appearance of the autumnal tints upon them, whilst in very many cases they lie flat upon the fields. About three months since, I heard a very high official express his apprehension that the series of fine harvests we have had for some years past was about to be followed by a cycle of bad seasons. Owing to the drought of last summer, the hay crop was almost unprecedentedly deficient, and during the winter it rose, in some parts of Ireland, to the price of seventy dollars a ton. Some farmers made a handsome profit, after paying all the cost of freight, by importing it from Holland. The uncertainty of the weather has been something marvellous. The best way to judge, as far as I could perceive, has been to invert all the ordinary indications. If the day rose sunny and cloudless, which, to be sure, was very seldom, you might pretty surely predict a wet and stormy evening. If it were dark and lowering, your chance of a fine day was not much diminished. Though not the most credulous of men, I rejoiced to put faith in the barometer, but careful in the event of some great and sudden fall (when I know that storm and rain in unusual measure are our destiny), I have lost confidence in its indications. I used to trust in the convex beady top of the quicksilver as a sure sign of coming sunshine; but this strange summer that hopeful sign has been, as often as not, the predecessor of clouds and darkness. Do you know those little Dutch toy houses, where a lady and a gentleman stand each at a door, and when the weather is particularly dry the lady comes out to enjoy the fine weather, and the gentleman modestly recedes, whilst, when damp is in the ascendant, the contrary evolution takes place? These are very good hygrometers for unscientific philosophers. I have one of them, and at this present writing my little Dutchman stands as far out of doors as the machinery will let him, while the lady consults her comfort by keeping indoors as far as possible. This time last year we were rejoicing in long weeks of cloudless skies. Last night (the 15th of August), as much rain fell in twelve hours as made up the ninth part of a usual year's supply. Our annual quota is 20 inches. Last night we had 2¼ inches. The thermometer has been unusually low, having varied but little for some months past from 62 degrees, which is far below the average of our summer heat, so that a fire in the evening has been a frequent luxury through the evenings of June, July and August, our warmest months. As I hear that your summer has been, on the contrary, remarkably fine, dry, and productive, it may add to your enjoyment to learn how dreary is the overhanging canopy which covers your "natural enemies."

As to the Irish brigade, the fact of its existence is the strongest proof that could be given of the extent of the subjection of our people to their "venerated pastors." Now that all Europe is filled with admiration of the unexampled heroism, devotedness, patriotism, and self-restraint of the Italian nation, in this glorious day of their uprising from the chains and tyranny by which they have so long been oppressed, is it not melancholy that the quick-witted, kind-hearted Irish Catholics should be so blinded and besotted by their spiritual guides that they think they are doing God service in helping to uphold in Italy a far more cruel government than their own forefathers have suffered from for the last century and a half? It is my belief (so gross is their infatuation and fanaticism), that if the mass of our population were allowed to choose their own ruler by a free vote, young Bomba would have a better chance than Queen Victoria. In the elements of education, and in natural intelligence, the poor Irish are far in advance of the lower class of English; but they are not to be compared to them in respect for law or appreciation of constitutional rights. Whilst themselves in the enjoyment of political liberty unsurpassed by any other people, they are quite ready, at the bidding of their priests, to bid God speed to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Naples. Those Irish Members of Parliament who are the special nominees of the Ultramontanes, are obliged to represent their fanaticism in its most exaggerated form; and in so doing they are continually making Ireland contemptible and ridiculous in the eyes of every enlightened lover of liberty the wide world over. Of the large number of young men who have from time to time within the last six months enlisted under the Papal banners, a great many groups have already returned in a miserable condition—dispirited, out at elbows, and with their views of the amount and kind of liberty respectively enjoyed by the subjects of the Pope and the Queen greatly modified. I doubt not these penitent crusaders will effect a change in the sentiments of the poorer Irish which could never be produced by any information derived from Protestant sources. There lies before me a genuine autograph letter from a member of the brigade who is now in London, on his way home. It is addressed to his parents, against whose advice and consent he left a respectable situation in Dublin, where he was in the receipt of a good salary. He says, "Had it not been that I was under the impression, from the information which I obtained from the agent and others in Dublin, that I was about to engage in the noblest of causes, namely, the independence of our sovereign Pontiff, and the preserving of our holy religion from every insult—a cause for which I would sacrifice my very life, and sever asunder every tie—I should never have thought of taking the rash step which, alas! I did. But we have been all sadly and shamefully deceived. Neither the one nor the other has been threatened. No; but by a bad government, which many of us have reason to believe is the worst in the world, the poor Italians are disgracefully treated, and they are struggling for that liberty which we ourselves have been looking for at home, but which I now see too evidently we do not require, when I see the way others are situated. And we have come hither for what purpose? To trample upon them still more. No wonder, then, that they scowl upon us all as we pass them in the street, and threaten to take our lives whenever a favorable opportunity should present itself. Such, indeed, has been our reception in the sunny South, and very justly we have deserved it." He then proceeds to detail the efforts made by himself and others to obtain their discharge from the Papal service, the difficulties they met with, the bad treatment they received, their final success, and their arrival in London, where they were horrified at reading in the newspapers extracts from the Irish Catholic journals, to the effect that "in consequence of the disgraceful conduct of about one hundred of the Irish brigade at Rome, a council of Cardinals resolved upon sending them home, as individuals worthy of no respect, and as traitors to the cause of religion." —"Now I ask any honest man if this was treatment for young men who sacrificed good situations and happy homes, and who, in every manner, used their endeavors to advance the cause in which they were engaged? At all events I must remain here a short time, no matter how scantily I may be obliged to live, until I give a truthful publication of the treatment we received, and the cause of my return home; because having, thank God! never as yet swerved from honor's cause, I am not now going home to be called a traitor by the publication of lies, the composition, no doubt, of the officials in connection with the Irish Brigade."

It is true that the knowledge of reading and writing, and the acquisition of the elements and implements of education, has wonderfully increased in Ireland in my memory. But the clerical influence is so great as to have, to a great degree, nullified all the benefits that would naturally result from this change for the better; for the people are so drilled that they read nothing but what they are permitted by their crafty guides, without whose leave they will hardly open a book or believe any statement that they see in the newspapers. As a proof of the very low state of letters amongst us, I give you the following statement, which I have just extracted from one of our daily papers:

BOOKSELLERS IN IRELAND.—It is a fact much to be deplored, that in Ireland there should exist at present about seventy towns (five of which are boroughs), containing from 2,500 to 10,000 inhabitants, without a bookseller's shop. But stranger still, that in this enlightened age of the world there should be found six whole counties equally without publisher, bookseller, or even a circulating library; really one is astonished while giving thought to such a state of things. In other countries it is not so. Take Scotland, for instance, with one-third of Ireland's population, numbering three booksellers to every one in Ireland, *i.e.*, in the proportion of the population, as nine to one. Fondly would we hope, for our country's sake, that such a reproach will soon be wiped off.

With all, except the promoters and well-wishers of this preposterous Brigade, Garibaldi is the hero of our day; modest, brave, disinterested, devoted, merciful and just, in a degree unsurpassed by any warrior of any age. Do not he and the noble old Puritan of Harper's Ferry amply justify my position, that the world is as fruitful as ever in great and good men, fully equal to those of past ages in grand endowments and illustrious deeds? Whilst Italy is moving on so gallantly, I further congratulate myself that I have always resented the calumny that the Italians were unfit for liberty, and unworthy of it; that such as they were they must remain. As the Americans talk of their sable serfs, so are the English prone to settle the destiny and desert of nations whose fate and circumstances have been so different from their own. Macaulay, in his brilliant and delightful pages, mentions several contingencies of English history, in which the liberties and the destiny of the nation seemed to have turned upon a hair; so that her present proud and happy position must be attributed much rather to the overruling providence of God than to the wisdom or other merits of her people.

Now, every heart that throbs with the love of liberty and the hatred of oppression, regards with love and admiration this glorious Italian, on whose lip may be said to hang the destinies of the most beautiful and interesting country in Europe. Is there not something sublime in the self-restraint which his compatriots have so long exhibited in this trying and marvellous crisis of their history? What nation has ever behaved more nobly? and what may not be looked for from such a people?

But a stray bullet, or the assassin's knife, may at any moment cut short his hitherto untarnished career; and even if he should escape these dangers, there is just now a talk of an impending invasion of Italy by Austria, in the event of Garibaldi landing in Naples and attempting the expulsion of the detestable dynasty of the Bourbons, which, if it take place, must end in the expulsion of the Austrians from the remnant of their Italian possessions, or in the restoration of their influence throughout the whole peninsula and the extinction of the glorious dream of Italy's unity and independence. In the former event, Garibaldi will be regarded as entitled to a virtuous celebrity not inferior to Washington's; in the latter, the ruin of his country may probably be attributed to his rashness.

R. D. WEBB.

THE MONTHLY ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING for September was held at the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Monday evening last. Edward Gilbert, Esq., presided, and, having read an appropriate passage of Scripture, made a few introductory remarks. The time was divided between praying, singing, and speaking. Messrs. Whiting, Woodbury, Fairbank, Plumb, Ketchum, Davis, Semple, and Johnson, participated in the discussions of the evening, the interest of which was much enhanced by the presence of a venerable gentleman, who, announcing himself as James E. Hogg, a Baptist Deacon and slaveholder, from Savannah, Ga., asked permission to speak—a privilege cheerfully and even eagerly accorded to him, in compliance with the principles as well as the uniform practice of Abolitionists. Conceding the honesty and earnestness of those around him, and assuring them that he would not willingly wound their feelings, he expressed his belief that slavery was right, and endeavored to prove it so by arguments drawn from the Scriptures. We fear to repeat the points he made, lest we should be suspected of dealing in caricature. It is enough to say, that if it was difficult to answer him, it was so for the reason assigned by a farmer in the Vermont Legislature for leaving unanswered the speech of a fellow-legislator: "Mr. Speaker, I would reply to the gentleman who has just taken his seat, if it didn't wrench a feller so to kick at nothing." But the meeting was certainly indebted to Mr. Hogg for helping it to a very lively and interesting discussion, and we will do him the justice to confess that he allowed himself to be cut up into mincemeat without a single sign of indignation, or even of impatience. He answered the interrogatories of the different speakers with unhesitating frankness, and listened with perfect serenity to arguments that must have made his exegetical efforts seem ridiculous in his own eyes. The meeting continued till near 11 o'clock, and did not close till Mr. Hogg had agreed to read with care Dr. Cheever's work on "The Sin of Slavery and the Guilt of Slaveholding."

We cannot promise that a slaveholder will attend the next meeting, but we do assure the friends of the anti-slavery cause in this city that there are weighty reasons which should induce them all to be present. The opportunity is one which, for the cause's sake, they should be eager to improve. Remember the second Monday evening of every month.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. No. CCXXI. September, 1860. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This number of the *Examiner* opens with a disquisition upon "Paul's Argument for the Abolition of the Law," chiefly important to the professed theologian, but not without interest to any one who seeks to comprehend the full significance of Christianity as expounded by the great Apostle. "The Women of Thackeray" is the title of the next article, which will give pleasure to all the admirers of the English novelist, evincing as it does a delicate appreciation of his genius for female portraiture. "Dr. Huntington's Introduction to Bickersteth" is the subject of the next paper. It is the most pungent controversial article that we have seen in the *Examiner* for a long time. The writer is logically severe upon Dr. Huntington, and repels with strong indignation some of his statements respecting Unitarianism, quoting against him, with striking effect, what he formerly wrote as the champion of the faith he so lately renounced. Art. 4 is a review of CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE'S "Autobiographical Recollections"—a beautiful delineation of the life and character of that remarkable man. In the next article, entitled "German Hymns," we are introduced to some of "the grand, simple, sweet old singers of the Fatherland," and allowed to "hear across the waters some genuine tones from the rich German harp." Some of the pieces here presented are certainly among the choicest gems of sacred song, and we thank the translator for putting them into the language in which alone it is possible for us to enjoy their inspiration. "St. Augustine at Hippo" is an interesting sketch of the life and labors of the great African theologian of the fourth century, who, though he died 1,430 years ago, yet speaks to the world in words of mighty power. In the "Review of Current Literature" we have brief sketches of the books which now engross a large share of the public attention—sketches evincing the rare good taste and discrimination which have so long characterized the *Examiner*. One of the works upon which it pronounces a critical judgment is "The Ebony Idol," a novel over which the pro-slavery party is at this moment cackling most furiously, as if it were a sufficient answer to all the arguments against slavery, and a perfect extinguisher to abolitionism. This is what the *Examiner* says:

"That the respectable publishing house of the Appletons should have risked their credit by issuing such unmitigated trash as "The Ebony Idol," may well amaze the reading public. Who the "New England Lady" is that has disgraced herself by writing this feeble burlesque upon the anti-slavery movement and cause, we are not told, and we do not care to know. If she is wise, she will keep the secret. Her book has no merit in any kind. Its fine sentences are inflated verbiage; its attempts at wit are fearful; not one of its characters is drawn with any distinctness; and where it is not silly, it is profane and disgusting. The scenes are as absurd as the events are improbable. No amount of newspaper puffing can make such stuff as this popular. Pro-slavery literature like this will hardly offset the volumes of Mrs. Stowe, and Abolitionists can ask nothing better than that the efforts of their enemies may take this shape. The few illustrations which garnish the pages are in keeping with the composition. It is rare that a book has come under our notice so thoroughly foolish in style, thought, plan, execution, and spirit, with absolutely no redeeming feature."

PARKER PILLSBURY passed through New York one day last week, on his way to Ohio, to attend the anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and fulfil other engagements in the lecturing field. His health has evidently improved during the summer vacation, and he goes to his work with renewed zeal and courage.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary.

JANUARY, 1861.

WHEN the claim for Universal Liberty was first made in our country, the best part of a lifetime ago, the work lay wholly in futurity. The idea and the principles of Human Rights were to be replanted, the justice and necessity of their cause as against slavery to be proved, the prevailing apathy to be broken, the public mind to be awakened and enkindled, the insufficiency of a Church and State controlled by slavery to compass freedom to be demonstrated, the retrogression of the land towards barbarism under their sway to be made manifest, and freedom of speech, of the press, and of a new specific association to be claimed and exercised as the only sufficient instrumentalities of progress.

This is the initiatory work that has been done, and by it abundant opportunities of direct action have been rendered practicable. The WORK ITSELF, in a thousand shapes, now lies before us, whose privilege it has been to make ready for it. The despotism is driven into open day. To meet it, requires devotion, industry, and the sacred fire of a true enthusiasm. It requires energy, coöperation and the discipline of self-control. It requires generous contributions of money. We trust that all these indispensable requisites are now, as ever, ready.

We earnestly and cordially entreat all who love our native land in sincerity, whether Europeans or Americans, to unite with us more numerously and more generously than ever to meet the demands of a period of crises unparalleled in the history of our country—new, indeed, in the history of the world. For when before has it ever happened that Freedom has been sought from among a dominant people for a down-trodden one, on so grand a scale as this? We ask aid of Europeans, while we bid them observe that their freedom makes progress only in exact proportion as our slavery is brought into discredit. We ask aid of Americans; for where is the American to whom this cause of ours is not the supreme interest of the present hour as affording the only hope of Futurity? The work before us is ever that primary one contemplated by no other existing body, political or religious: the work that Church and Government are always tempted by the necessities of their position as such to neglect, adjourn, suppress. And the stronger the desire of their members to promote the cause, the stronger the temptation, being so placed, to temporise and to compromise.

To all these we confidently appeal for aid in the work they can neither do, nor do without.

We cordially invite all who love Liberty the world over, to meet us at the Music Hall, Boston, in the month of January next, in person or by letter, uniting their sympathies and contributions with ours in the great work of the time—the peaceful extinction of American slavery.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, MARY MAY, LOUISA LORING, L. MARIA CHILD, HENRIETTA SARGENT, ANNE WARREN WESTON, MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, HELEN ELIZA GARRISON, SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, FRANCES MARY ROBBINS, CAROLINE WESTON, MARY WILLEY, SARAH BLAKE SHAW, SUSAN C. CABOT, SARAH P. ATKINSON, ELIZA ANDREW, LYDIA D. PARKER, ELIZA F. EDDY, SARAH P. REMOND, ABBY FRANCIS, SARAH RUSSELL MAY, ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, EVELINA A. S. SMITH, ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL, AUGUSTA G. KING, ELIZABETH VON ARNIM, ANNA SHAW GREENE, ELIZA APTHORP, MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT, MATTIE GRIFFITH, ANNE LANGDON ALGER, MARY E. STEARNS.

A SOUND PRINCIPLE OF JURISPRUDENCE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I SPOKE to you, some days ago, concerning some observations of Romilly, which I thought pertinent to a question interesting to you, and to me also. They have not been noticed in any discussion which it has been my fortune to observe. I enclose them. I consider Romilly a very high authority, and the quotation I give strong enough for most purposes. It was not made in a slavery discussion, but upon a question relating to the abolition of the "rotten borough" system. Just as good for all that, however.

Yours, very respectfully,

61 Wall st., New York. CEPHAS BRAINERD.

[EXTRACT.]

"I think the laws are not bound to protect men in the possession of such pecuniary advantages as they ought never to have obtained. If a man's having a pecuniary interest in a thing, no matter how acquired, is sufficient to make his property in it sacred, then may the laws become a shield to every species of fraud, iniquity, and immorality."—*Sir Samuel Romilly to Rev. John Roget, May 9, 1783. Romilly's Life and Letters, Vol. 1, p. 208.*

The principle here set forth, if faithfully applied, would knock from under the slave system its very corner-stone, leaving it to tumble in utter ruin. Alas, how few, in any age, have a clear apprehension of the principles on which alone a State can safely repose! How many are deluded by the idea that injustice, once incorporated into the government, becomes a legitimate foundation of right—too sacred to be disregarded. The foundation of slavery is "the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." Such "property" is "a pecuniary advantage" which the holders "ought never to have obtained"; and therefore, according to Romilly, "the laws are not bound to protect" it. Down with the infernal system, say we, at once and forever!

Summary.

Miss Catherine Sedgwick, the well-known authoress, has recently been ill with a severe attack of croup. She is now recovering.

Ex-Governor Wickliffe, of Kentucky, lost his slave Bob, in Cincinnati, a few days ago. The Governor was returning from Washington, but Bob thought he would not follow his master into a slave State again.

A lot of runaway slaves passed through Iowa City recently, on the Underground Railroad, on their way to Canada. They were under the conductorship of a brother of Coppie, who was executed at Harper's Ferry for his active complicity in the John Brown raid.

A number of slaves belonging to Dr. William Brogden, who resides on South River, Md., had all their arrangements made for a trip to Canada last Sunday. A free negro was to pilot the company, and he injudiciously offered a white man $50 if he would assist him in running off the slaves. The project was thus divulged and defeated.

SLAVE CASE.—Extract of a letter from a friend in Minneapolis (Minnesota), dated Aug. 20th, 1860:

"One week ago yesterday, a slave was set free in this place. She is still in safe hands, and probably will not be retaken without the shedding of blood. The many slaveholders, and their base and servile panderers, who are here at this time, will, undoubtedly, make an effort to kidnap her, if they can learn her whereabouts. There is great excitement here in regard to the matter, and violence is threatened. A forcible but unsuccessful attempt was made to kidnap the released slave the night after her freedom was decreed."—*Liberator.*

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN BOSTON.—The *Atlas* says that two agents of that philanthropic institution, the Underground Railroad, who reside in Kansas, have recently brought to the free States from Missouri twelve slaves, or colored persons who once were slaves, but are now freemen, safely located and taking care of themselves. Some of them were in Boston a few days since. Among them was a young mulatto woman, quite white, with her little child; and it is said to have been very affecting to witness her joy at the prospective future freedom of her child, seeming entirely to forget her own liberty. The agents who did the work are young men, have lived some time in Kansas, and done much labor in this line, encountering many dangers.

EMANCIPATION.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says:

"Six very fine looking children, the eldest nine years, and the youngest nine months, all girls, with the exception of a boy aged five years, were brought into court, with their mother, for the purpose of being emancipated. The mother had traces of negro blood, the children none whatever; on the contrary, they were of remarkable fair and delicate complexions, and had the hair and features of the white race. They were the slaves of Mr. Thomas Murray, of Lincoln County, Georgia, who has purchased for them a comfortable house and lot on Bar street, in this city, as a home."

INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS AT A CAMP MEETING.—Last week a man named George Orem attended a camp meeting held in Lake district, Dorchester County, Maryland, and while there attempted to distribute some documents that were adjudged incendiary. Accordingly a committee of gentlemen was appointed to wait on him with a request that he would leave the ground, twenty-five minutes being given to comply with the request. He left without any violence being offered him, though the indignation of the people ran high. Threats of lynching him were openly expressed by some, and the presence of his wife alone protected him. Orem is one of the State Republican electors, and resides at Church Creek, Maryland.—*Baltimore Sun, September 3.*

FUGITIVE SLAVE.—Tom, the slave of Mr. Solomon Billmyer, who left unceremoniously, and took with him a valuable gray horse belonging to Mr. William McQuilkin, nearly three months ago, was captured near Quincy, Franklin County, Pa., on Monday last, by Mr. Logan, one of the party who captured J. E. Cook, one of old Brown's confederates. The horse was found near Boonsboro', Md., about a week since, having been left in that neighborhood when Tom was taken on his way to Pennsylvania. Tom was delivered to his owner at a cost of $625, and taken through this town on Wednesday on his way South, seeming much affected and penitent for the course he had pursued, and made a full confession of the whole plot by which he was persuaded and induced to leave his master, by a white person, who conveyed him to the mountain, near Boonsboro', Md., where he was handed over to another party, and so on until he reached Pennsylvania, and was finally captured. The affair seems to have been a well-conceived scheme for mercenary motives, and the circumstances demand an investigation, and the guilty parties dealt with according to the extreme penalty of the law.—*Shepherdstown (Va.) Register.*

LIBERIAN COMMERCE.—Two Liberian vessels have arrived at Liverpool, with valuable cargoes of palm oil, ivory, gold dust, camwood, etc., which will sell to great profit to their owners. They are the "E. N. Roye," belonging to Edward J. Roye, and the "Moses Sheppard," the property of McGill Brothers, all colored merchants of Liberia. These ships have been repulsed from our own ports by being subjected to charges which would not have been imposed upon them if from Turkey, Japan or China, and this, too, while American shipping and contents enter the ports of Liberia free of all duty or discriminations. These cases show that our laws and policy are sacrificing a lucrative commerce that is rapidly increasing in magnitude and importance.—*Phil. North American.*

[The "sacrifice" of Liberian commerce is made in conformity to the prejudice against color which the Colonization Society has always fostered and pronounced incurable—an ordination of Providence, in short.]

TERRIBLE ESCAPE OF A RUNAWAY SLAVE.—A fugitive negro, belonging to the firm of Peterson, McCarthy & Powell, of North Carolina, who had been absent for seven years, was arrested in Savannah, Ga., a short time ago, and placed in jail for the offence. He was taken out of prison a few days ago by his owner, who had sent him in the Southern Railroad cars to this city on his way to Richmond to be sold. When the cars had arrived close to Ream's Station, about ten miles from this city, and while they were going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, the reckless wretch opened one of the side windows and jumped out on the line. It was not supposed that he could have survived the terrible fall, but accounts have been received that he was seen yesterday on the railroad. The occurrence took place about 3 o'clock, a.m., yesterday, and he has not yet been arrested. There is a reward of $500 offered for his detection.—*Petersburgh (Va.) Bulletin.*

[How terrible must have been the poor negro's dread of slavery, if measured by the risk he incurred in his desperate effort to escape!]

WARNING TO FREE NEGROES AT EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.—The following handbill has been posted in Evansville, Ind.:

Notice to Free Negroes.—The laws of Indiana provide that after a certain date no Free Negro shall emigrate to this State. Other cities and towns in Indiana are expelling the negroes from among them, and owing to the laxity exhibited by our authorities and citizens generally, Evansville is being overrun and cursed by the worst class of this lazy, worthless, drunken, and thieving race, and to such an extent that those who have suffered from their bad conduct are resolved to suffer no longer, *and will take the law in their own hands.* This notice is given, that at the end of five days from the date hereof, every negro, of either sex, who is not by law entitled to a residence among us, must not be found in the city, else he will be dealt with in a summary manner by THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Evansville, Ind., Aug. 28, 1860.

CHILDREN'S MEETING AT LONGWOOD.—There is but one "Uncle Joseph" in all this region, and he is uncle to all the children at least once a year, and all the children like Uncle Joseph, for nobody seems to suit them so well in getting up and arranging children's meetings, which have become an "institution" in this community, thanks to this same "Uncle Joseph." May his shadow never be less.

This annual meeting came off at Longwood on Saturday, Sept. 1st. A large delegation went by cars from West Chester.

On our arrival at the little meeting-house, we found it crowded to its utmost capacity. The exercises were opened at 10 o'clock, a.m., by singing by the West Chester children, followed by two little girls from Wilmington, (daughters of Mr. Lee Pusey), all of whom executed their parts admirably.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. M. McCarter of West Chester, after which there was singing by the Hamorton children and the Kennett choir.

Appropriate speeches were made by Rev. J. M. McCarter and Joseph A. Dugdale, after which they adjourned to the beautiful grove of George W. Pierce, where collations prepared by the different groups were partaken of, after which there was more speaking, rambling in the park, etc., till the close of the meeting. Taylor's (West Chester) Band was in attendance and delighted the children of all ages.—*West Chester (Pa.) Times.*

HUTCHINSON FAMILY.—These distinguished vocalists will give a concert at Squires' Hall, in this village, on Saturday evening. These persons are worthy of the patronage of the public, and should certainly receive it. They are not only the sweetest of singers, but they are true men and women, who are constantly laboring to elevate humanity. They are infinitely above that large class of showmen and vocalists who cater to depraved public sentiment, for the purpose of making a few dollars by so degrading themselves. The members of this family were among the first anti-slavery persons of New England, and they did much to encourage by their presence and heavenly voices those few brave men that, by the help of God, dared to speak a word for the slave, when all Churches and political parties were dumb on the now all absorbing question of American slavery. And they have always been true to their first love. No one can listen to one of their concerts without being more or less inspired with the love of liberty, and consequently an abhorrence of slavery. Citizens, turn out on Saturday evening, and listen to these singers, and you will be convinced they have

"Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt and dissolved in ecstasy, to Heaven."

—*Cortland Cor. Syracuse Journal.*

SLAVE ABDUCTIONS IN MARYLAND.—REQUISITIONS UPON THE GOVERNORS OF ALABAMA AND VIRGINIA.—Marshal George P. Kane, of this city, has visited Governor Hicks, at Annapolis, and obtained from him requisitions upon the Governor of Alabama for the persons of Milton H. Streeter and Jefferson R. Herring, both of whom are charged with abducting from this State certain persons of color entitled to their freedom after a term of years, and carrying them away from the State. His Excellency deputized Deputy-Marshal Thomas Gifford to visit Alabama, convey the requisitions to the Governor of that State, and bring on the prisoners. The Marshal also obtained from Governor Hicks a requisition on the Governor of Virginia for the person of Max Marshall, of this city, who was arrested in Richmond, and detained by the Mayor of that city, at the request of the Marshal of Police of Baltimore, for fraudulently abducting Mary Ann Carter, colored, entitled to her freedom after a time, and attempting to sell her into slavery. There are several other parties against whom steps will be taken as soon as the evidence shall have been analyzed, it being the determination of the Board of Police to ferret out every case of the kind which comes to their knowledge. It is believed that many valuable family servants, slaves, have been abducted by persons engaged in this nefarious and unlawful business.—*Baltimore Sun, September 3.*

LIBRARY FOR WOMEN.—This benevolent enterprise was first effectively inaugurated about two years ago at a public meeting held in Rev. Dr. Chapin's church. Upwards of $3,000 were then contributed. Since then the project has been actively furthered by Miss Powell, a lady of education and enterprise, and it has now attained a position which seems to warrant a reasonable future success. A room has been taken in University Buildings, on the second floor, fronting on Washington Square, and nearly 4,000 volumes already collected, and only a little more than $1 000 expended. The terms of membership are to be low, the librarian and assistants of the gentler sex, and eventually it is proposed to organize classes for instruction, similar in character to those connected with the Mercantile Library. Such an institution, well conducted, will be of great advantage to young women, and we hope will receive donations from the benevolent. The reasons urged for such a library are, that in the public libraries existing in this city, the provisions of room, etc., were such as to make them undesirable for women to visit; that in those where books were loaned, the prices of membership were much higher for women than men—and higher than the great mass of women who desire the advantages of a library could afford.—*New York Ecangelist.*

THE LAST SLAVER CAPTURED.—A slave brig, whose name is not definitely ascertained—probably the Triton—came into the Capes Monday, and anchored at Quarantine yesterday morning, in charge of Midshipman N. H. Farquhar, forty-one days from Loango, on the west coast of Africa. She was captured on the 16th of July, off Black Point, by the United States steamer Mystic, Lieut. Commanding LeRoy. The brig cleared from New Orleans about the 1st of March last for Cuba, and as soon as she arrived off that island, the American captain with a portion of his crew left her, and a Spanish captain and crew went on board and took the vessel in charge.

When captured she had no papers or colors, as they had been thrown overboard. She was consigned to an agent on the coast, and was to take the slaves that had been purchased for the brig Delicia, which was captured by the Constellation in December, 1859.

About $1,100 (in Spanish ounces) were found on board. All the crew, excepting the supercargo and one man, were, in accordance with their request, landed at Loango, and she was brought to the United States by a crew of about a dozen men and two quartermasters, in command of Midshipman Farquhar, of Virginia, who, in appearance, is not more than 18 years of age. The brig is said to be a very rapid sailer, and when captured had been chased by several English and American war vessels; and it is stated that the steamer Mystic could not have overtaken her had there been a good breeze at the time of her capture.—*Norfolk Southern Argus, Aug. 26.*

MORE KENTUCKY BARBARISM.—Mr. Wm. S. Bailey has been arrested, examined, and held to bail by two Justices of Newport, Ky., in the sum of $1,000, to appear before the Circuit Court, to answer to the grave charge, in this free Republic, of publishing an incendiary sheet in re-issuing *The Free South* newspaper! One of the Justices, who rejoices in the name of Hallam, took a leading part in the mob demolishment of *The Free South* a few months ago. The counsel of Mr. Bailey made a motion to have the examination before some other magistrate than Hallam, but the motion was overruled by the pro-slavery Dogberries. A copy of the paper was introduced, articles were read by the prosecuting attorney to prove its incendiary character, and Mr. B. was ordered to find bail or go to jail. The bail was obtained.

The match must certainly be very nearly burned down to the powder, when such papers as *The Free South* are suppressed as incendiary by criminal prosecutions. The number of *The Free South* referred to we have examined, and the anti-slavery articles are temperate in spirit and language. Emancipation is advocated, but in no ultra, incendiary form. The writings of Jefferson, Madison, Henry Clay and other Southern statesmen on the same subject are quite as incendiary. The prosecution of Mr. Bailey, however, but illustrates the threat made in the Senate by Mr. Douglas, that abolition sedition should be put down by fines and imprisonments. Give him the power, he said in substance, and he would put a stop to slavery agitation by silencing the speech and press of the people!—*Cleveland Leader.*

ESCAPE OF SLAVES.—The St. Louis *Evening News* says that a few days since, five negroes belonging to Mr. Edward Bredell disappeared from their master's farm, six miles from this city, on the Clayton road. The runaway party consists of a woman, aged about sixty, her two sons and daughter, aged respectively seven, twelve and twenty-one years, and a young girl closely related to the family. The negro "Ike," twenty-one years of age, was Mr. Bedell's coachman, and enjoyed the most unlimited confidence of his owner. Mr. Bredell is on a visit to the East, the slaves at the time of the stampede being in charge of an overseer. The mother, it seems, devised the plan of departure from the farm, though there are circumstances which lead to the belief that the negroes were previously tampered with by white men. The old woman, having prepared her children for the journey, approached the overseer, as it was customary for her to do, with the request for permission to visit some colored neighbors. This request was promptly granted her, though the negroes had scarcely left the premises before the suspicions of the overseer were awakened. So strong indeed was his impression that all was not right, that he soon after went to the house which they pretended to visit, only to find that so far from being, or having been there during the day, their whereabouts was unknown. The conviction was then at once established that the slaves had run away. Thus far they have eluded pursuit, though we understand no very extraordinary exertions have as yet been made to capture them. The slaves had a most comfortable home—were well cared for, and well protected—and nothing, it is supposed, but the captivating stories of freedom, and life in Canada, breathed into their willing ears by some Abolitionist, could have induced them to take the step they have. Mr. Bredell, a few years since, emancipated thirty or forty slaves in Baltimore, property left him by will, and those who have now absented themselves might possibly in the course of time have been served in the same way.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

SOUTHERN TRADE.—A short time since, only, many of our leading merchants made up their minds that the only safe place to do business was at the South—in the slave States. So anxious were they to have it distinctly understood that they "knew no North, East, or West," that they ostentatiously published in the newspapers at the South as *sound* on the slavery question. These same men were always on hand at every public gathering of doughfaces—every mother's son of 'em trying to have it known and read of all merchants in the slave States that they were on the "committee of arrangements" in every such display of tomfoolery. We have in mind some who, but a few years ago, boldly declared themselves to be the friends of the slave and of freedom; but, to secure trade, they "went under" with all their good principles, and came up South. Alas, the ghost of poor John Brown nearly frightened these mercantile patriots to death! Nothing but large doses of "tape and bobbin" saved them. *The Journal of Commerce*, principal dry nurse of this metropolitan hospital of afflicted merchants, was constantly on hand to administer stimulants until the crisis was over. Notwithstanding many doctors declared a speedy dissolution inevitable, the soul-stirring cry, "We still live," was soon heard in all quarters. Since that critical moment things have gone along "as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

Presto! What do these same merchants *now* say about Southern trade? What do they say about the *results* of the trade of last spring—brought here by the most extraordinary efforts—brought here by circulars and influential drummers, who presented a pro-slavery book with an extra fine fustian bait upon it—brought here and "hauled in" in the face of threats that no more business should be transacted with "Northern abolitionists?" We pause for a reply.

One prominent house has frankly said that "as far as we are concerned, we wish now that our friends South last spring had *stayed at home* or bought their goods in Charleston or Mobile, as they threatened to do;" "for," said the house referred to, "they don't pay their notes."

Now "we oppose all sectionalism," especially in trade, and beg leave to say to the merchants of the whole country that it is time to have done with such mercantile truckling. If you believe in slavery, as does Charles O'Conor, say so; if you believe in Republicanism, say so; in women's rights or spiritualism, say so; in temperance, say so; in anti-slavery, say so; or in being humbugged, say so; and tell any man, North or South, who questions your right to *private opinion* on all religious, moral, or political subjects, that he may go to—France or Austria, where all "progressive" and "peculiar" mouths can be shut up at short notice. If you can't sell goods without putting your soul and body into the same package, you had better curtail, wind up, *break*, or jump into the Atlantic Ocean. Finis.—*Mr. Bowen's Department of The Independent.*

DIED.

CARPENTER.—In its infancy, on the 9th inst., Elisha Richard Carpenter, Jr., son of Elisha and Harriet H. Carpenter, of this city.

Medina, New York, papers, please copy.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Aug. 1 to Sept. 1, 1860.

1110	L. C. P. Freer,	Chicago, Ill.	$5 00
1121	A. Tillottson,	Thompson, O.	2 57
1045	Mrs. Arthur Freeman,	Boston, Mass.	1 54
1103	Miss D. B. Hersey,	Bangor, Me.	2 00
1062	Edward Keenan,	East Corinth, Vt.	2 00
1044	Mrs. A. Bronson Alcott,	Concord, Mass.	2 00
1092	Female Anti-Slavery Society,	" "	2 00
1108	Conrad Cook,	West Wrentham, "	2 00
1040	Miss Laura Flint,	Leicester	1 00
1041	Thomas Sherwin,	Dedham, "	2 00
1040	Rev. C. Y. De Normandie,	N. Bedford, "	4 08
1054	A. N. Lamb,	Charlton Depot, "	1 00
1104	Anna Gardner,	Nantucket, "	2 00
1072	Samuel W. Richards,	Boston, "	2 00
1092	G. Atkinson,	" "	2 00
1074	Osborn Howes,	" "	2 00
1094	Maria T. Humphrey,	Bethlehem, Ct.	2 00
1104	Charles Bass,	Westminster, "	2 00
1056	Samuel Woodruff,	Olean, New York	2 00
1106	M. P. Brown,	Brooklyn,

Miscellaneous Department.

TRUST IN GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GERHARDT.

Thou know'st full well thou art a man;
Then wherefore shouldst thou strive
For things which only God's wise plan
Both can and will contrive?
With purblind wit and stubborn will,
Through thousand cares thou gropest still,
Forever wondering,
What will to-morrow bring?

Lift up thy head, see everywhere,
Around thee and above,
The tokens of thy Father's care,
His all-providing love.
Thy bread, bed, clothes, were ready here
Before thou didst on earth appear;
The milk awaited thee
That nursed thy infancy.

And yet, forsooth, thy feeble sight
Must be life's guide for thee!
Thou hast no faith in higher light
Than what thine eyes can see.
Whate'er thou purposest to do,
Thy blear-eyed sense must carry through;
What that directs is wise,
All else thou dost depise.

How oft hast thou to straits been brought,
For wilful passion's sake,
Because thy vain and foolish thought
Did death for life mistake!
And had, then, God but let be done
What thou hadst purposed and begun,
Thy folly long ago
Had wrought thy overthrow.

But God clears up what we perplex,
His love makes plain the way;
He cheers us when our souls we vex,
And guides us when we stray.
For he is faithful, good, and kind,
And bears a Father's heart and mind,
And us poor silly sheep
From ruin's brink will keep.

How oft he hides himself, and still
In silence works our good,
While we, with wayward heart and will,
Go on in sullen mood,
Seek here and there, and nothing find,
Because our pride has made us blind,
And vainly strive to tear
Our feet from out the snare!

But God all-wise makes straight his ways,
More sure if not so short;
The storm he lulls, the wind he lays,
And brings us safe to port.
And then, when all is done and past,
Then feeble man can see at last,
How wise the Father's thought,
How kindly God hath wrought.

Then, heart, take courage, hope the best!
Let care and fretting be;
God has a heart that will not rest
In planning good for thee.
He cannot hate thee—no, nor yet,
Believe me, can thy God forget!
Let this quell every fear—
To God each child is dear.

Do like a child, and lean and rest
Upon thy Father's arm;
Pour out thy troubles on his breast,
And thou shalt know no harm;
Then shalt thou by his hand be brought
On ways which now thou knowest not,
Up through a well-fought fight,
To heavenly peace and light.

—*Christian Examiner.*

THE LAST DAYS OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

BY JOHN BIGELOW.

RETURNING to Paris by way of Lausanne from a hurried trip to Geneva last winter, I took the somewhat unusual route over the mountains to Pontarlier. I wanted to get a view, if possible, of Mont Blanc from the heights of the Jura; to become better acquainted with the people of this department of France, whom of all the French I most admire; and, above all, to visit the famous Chateau de Joux, where Mirabeau was confined at the time he contracted his scandalous engagements with Madame de Monnier, the "Sophie" of his Vincennes correspondence, and where Toussaint L'Ouverture died, a victim to the treachery of the French government and the severity of an Alpine climate. * * * * *

As the diligence passed under the Fort de Joux, the chief object of my pilgrimage before reaching Pontarlier, I dismounted, allowing my baggage to go on to the *bureau de poste*. The fort, now more than seven centuries old, stands upon the very summit of a solid rock about five hundred feet high, which descends very abruptly on all sides, and by its position at a defile in the mountains, commands the approach from every direction. With three hundred men it was impregnable in former times, notwithstanding which, in consequence of its great value as a frontier fortification, it has changed hands more frequently than almost any fortress in France outside of Paris.

I found a small garrison at the fort consisting mostly of soldiers just returned from Italy, who were lounging about in the last stages of disgust with the monotonous perch to which they were condemned. A chatty old woman, who acted as *concierge*, promptly responded to my request to visit the castle, by running for her keys. She then led me over the portcullis, the ornaments of which showed that it was built before battle-axes and bows and arrows went out of fashion, into the court-yard where the commandant resided. The first curiosity to which she invited my attention was the well of the castle, dug through the solid rock, down to the level of the little river Orbe, which winds along the base of the hill, a depth of at least five hundred feet. My cicerone, to give me some idea of the depth of the well, threw in some stones, from which no sound or echo of any kind came up. This well was built for the use of the garrison during a siege, though in ordinary times they are supplied with water caught in cisterns. It has not been used for many centuries, if ever; the citadel, when it has changed hands, having generally been betrayed, or shared the fate of battles fought elsewhere.

The well was built, my guide told me—and her information I have confirmed from other sources—by the serfs and vassals of the feudal proprietor of the fort, in the ninth century. She lowered her voice when she added that multitudes who went down to work in its abysses never returned to the light of day. Indeed, the tradition is that they were told when they were sent to their work that they were not to return till it was finished. They were obliged to dig large recesses at regular and convenient distances in the sides of the pit, as their excavations progressed, and these were their homes during their frightful imprisonment, from which most were relieved only by death.

Of all the dreadful shapes which "man's inhumanity to man" has ever taken, there are few which feed the imagination with more fearful visions of misery and despair than were reflected from this dark, impenetrable mirror, framed five hundred feet deep in granite. When I considered that all the enormities of which this structure had been the occasion and the theatre, were perpetrated in the quest of water, in all ages and countries the consecrated emblem of truth, I was struck for the thousandth time with the resemblance which runs through all the forms of human perversity.

While pondering the question whether France had gained any more substantial advantage from her endless and sanguinary ecclesiastical wars than from the sinking of this dismal pit, which the dews of heaven, that fall alike upon the unjust and the just, made superfluous, my guide led me to another part of the fort, where she showed me an opening like a closet in the wall, about three feet deep and high, and, perhaps, four feet long. Here, she informed me, Amaury, one of the earliest proprietors of the chateau, confined his wife, a young woman of only seventeen years, for infidelity to him during his absence with the Crusaders in the Holy Land in 1170. He hung her suspected paramour upon the mountain immediately opposite, and confined Bertha—that was her name—in this mural sepulchre, which was too small to admit of her standing erect or lying prostrate, or indeed of stretching her limbs in any direction. The only view of the outer world that she could get, was through a little window, cut so that she could see the remains of her lover dangling from a distant tree. After some ten years of indescribable misery, death released her from her prison and from her brutal jailer.

The good old woman who related this legend tearfully—although I have no doubt she had told it a thousand times before—gave great force to her denunciation of the cruel crusader by adding that, "after all, Bertha was innocent." I fear, however, that this was a slight rhetorical embellishment, which, as a woman and a sister, she felt at liberty to indulge me with, for I have since seen a historical sketch of Pontarlier and its neighborhood, made by M. Girod, the librarian of the city and a most diligent and faithful archivist, in which Bertha's frailty is conceded. This fact, however, does not in the least diminish the horror which such a monument of cruelty and brutality inspires in our day.

Crossing the court and passing along the gloomy corridor of stone, I was next led to a door which, as my companion proceeded to unfasten, she informed me was occupied by the "naygre." It was the dungeon of Toussaint, first called "L'Ouverture" by a French officer, because of his prowess in opening the ranks of the English soldiers with his sword during some engagement. Though of African origin, and forty-eight years a slave, he took advantage of the revolutionary troubles in France, and subsequent hostilities between France and England, to make the blacks of St. Domingo independent, and himself President for life. Bonaparte, who approved of the lead he took in saving the colony from the English, was solicited to approve the action of the Central Assembly which made him President. Toussaint's letter bore the following somewhat memorable but not altogether conciliatory superscription, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." Bonaparte's answer was taken out by Leclerc, his brother-in-law, and thirty thousand of the best troops in France, who issued a proclamation apprising the islanders that the French General had been sent out as the first magistrate and captain-general of the colony. Toussaint bade him and his master defiance, set fire to the Cape, retired to the mountains, and resisted the invaders with such success that at the end of eight months Napoleon's brother-in-law had but three thousand effective men out of the thirty thousand that had landed with him. Finding it impossible to conquer Toussaint, Leclerc invited him to a conference, under the usual pledges for his safety, and when in his power, regardless of his own honor or that of his master, or of the nation so gravely compromised by his conduct, he hustled the too confiding negro on board of a ship and sent him to France. After a brief confinement in the Temple at Paris, Napoleon ordered him to the Fort de Joux. The room which he occupied, and to which I was now introduced, is some twenty-five or thirty feet long, by, say, twelve broad. There was a fire-place on one side near the middle, but no furniture of any kind. Its walls were all of stone, and arched with stone overhead. Near the ceiling, one end was pierced by a small window which admitted what light and air the inmates were expected to enjoy, but which seemed enough to keep the place sufficiently dry for habitation. On the mantel over the fire-place was the lower half of a skull, most of the brain-cover having been taken off, and resting on what remained, was the following *avis*, which my guide forbade me copying, as contrary to the orders of the commandant, and for a transcript of which, as for many other gratifying attentions, I was indebted to M. Girod, to whose archæological and historical labors I have already made allusion:

"Toussaint L'Ouverture, who effected the enfranchisement of the negroes of his country, and in the day of his prosperity designated himself as the Bonaparte of St. Domingo, and who wrote to Napoleon, 'The first of the blacks to the first of the whites,' terminated his career in this casement of the donjon of Fort de Joux. It is pretended that he answered an *aid-de-camp* of the First Consul, who came to ask him where he had concealed his treasures: 'Say to your master that I will die before he shall know anything from me.'

"The Chef de Bataillon Amiot, commandant of the Place du Fort de Joux, found him here in a corner of his fire-place struck with *apoplexie foudroyante*, the 17th Terminal, the year 11. Some days before his death he declared that he had buried 15,000,000 fr. in the mountains by slaves whom he had destroyed."

I felt indignant at finding such a gross calumny as this upon the character of one of the bravest, and, according to his opportunities, one of the most remarkable men of his day, perpetrated by the authority of the Government; and when I was refused permission to take a copy of it, my inference was that those who placed it there knew that it was one of those lies that would not bear ventilation, and therefore kept it from the public, but left it to do what it could quietly to poison the minds of all who made the pilgrimage to his tomb. I was afterwards satisfied by M. Girod that I did the French Government injustice, at least in one respect, for he assures me that no orders to prevent copies being made of the paper on the mantel had ever been given to the concierge.

It is a shame, however, for the Government to perpetuate such an absurd scandal upon the memory of Toussaint, as that he destroyed the slaves who helped him hide his treasures; for the story not only is supported by no evidence, but it lacks the first element of plausibility. That he may have said he had treasures buried in St. Domingo, and that he may have added, for the sake of being sent back to find them, that there were no living witnesses of their burial, is not impossible; but it is preposterous to suppose that such a man as Toussaint would have perpetrated such a gratuitous crime, or, if he did, that he would have told of it, without any apparent motive.

This story to the prejudice of "the first of the blacks" is as unfounded as another which has been current ever since Toussaint's death, and which is generally credited in Hayti now, that he was poisoned by the orders of Napoleon, or at least upon the supposition that his speedy demise would gratify the Emperor. Even supposing there was some motive for getting Toussaint more completely out of the way than he was, which is hardly credible, the circumstances of his death are not matters of conjecture or suspicion, but of public record, and exempt the authorities of that day from any other responsibility for his sudden death than naturally attaches to his treacherous arrest and removal in mid-winter from the climate of the tropics, in which he was born and had lived sixty years, to a bleak Alpine region, more noted than any other in France for the severity of its winters.

The day after his death, two physicians of Pontarlier made an official examination of his remains, and certified that he died of apoplexy and pleuro-pneumonia. Their certificate, or *procès verbal*, as it is termed, is filed among the archives of the Hotel de Ville in Pontarlier, from whence M. Girod was kind enough to procure for me a copy duly authenticated, under the seal of the Mayoralty of Pontarlier. As this certificate has never been in print, and as it finally disposes of a very painful suspicion which is still widely credited, I give it to you entire:

Copy of the Minutes of the Post-mortem Examination of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

We, the undersigned, Doctor in Medicine and Surgeon of the city of Pontarlier, pursuant to the invitation of citizen Amiot, Commandant of the Fort de Joux, and of Renaud, Justice of the Peace of the canton of Pontarlier, have gone to the said Fort de Joux, when, in their presence, we have proceeded to the opening and the examination of the body of the negro Toussaint L'Ouverture, prisoner, whose death yesterday we have verified.

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.

A little mucus mixed with blood in the mouth and on the lips, the left lateral sinus, the vessels of the *pia-mater* gorged with blood, serous effusion in the lateral ventricle same side, the choroid pleurus infiltrated and strewed with hydatides, the pleura adhering almost entirely to the substance of the lungs; sanguineous engorgement of the right lung, as well as of the pleura corresponding, but of a purulent nature in this viscera; a little fatty polypus in the right ventricle of the heart, which otherwise was in a healthy state; emaciation of the epiploon—pathological state of this membrane such as it presents after a long sickness. The stomach, the intestines, the liver, the spleen, the veins, the bladder, exhibited no alteration.

In consequence, we declare that apoplexy, pleuro-pneumonia, are the causes of the death of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Made, and certified to be true, at the Fort de Joux, the 18th Terminal, An. XI. of the French Republic.

(Signed) TAVERNIER, Doctor of Medicine.
Surgeon-Major GRESSET.

Certified to conform with the original by us, the undersigned Secretary of the Mayoralty of Pontarlier.
Pontarlier, 5th December, 1859.
(Signed) JACQUIT, etc.

Through the kindness of M. Girod I was enabled to derive from the archives of Pontarlier some further particulars respecting Toussaint's condition and treatment during his confinement here, which seemed worthy of exhumation. They are embodied in documents, the originals of which I inspected, and of which I enclose to you copies.

The first simply acknowledges the notice sent to the Prefecture of the Department by the Sub-Prefect, that Toussaint had arrived, and informs that functionary that the arrangements for the security of the prisoner are to be under the exclusive direction of the General in command of that division.

The second notifies the Prefect that the Minister of War had given orders that Toussaint should receive healthy and suitable food, and that he should be clothed suitably for the season, with the understanding that *he must not wear a general's uniform.*

The estimation in which their prisoner was held by the French Government, and the rigor of treatment to which they deemed it necessary to subject him, are revealed in the third letter from the Prefect of the Department to the Sub-Prefect at Pontarlier. The following extract from it might have been clipped, *mutatis mutandis*, from one of Governor Wise's heroic appeals to the chivalry of Virginia against John Brown:

"I recommend you," he writes, "not to lose sight of this important object. If any man imprisoned for the rest of his days, whatever the degree of his guilt, did not appeal to our humanity, I would say that this person, who is known only by his repeated perfidy, murders, pillage, incendiarism and the most frightful cruelties, did not deserve any. But whatever be the opinion we ought to entertain of him, the orders of the Minister are precise. Toussaint must not see any person, nor must he be permitted to leave the chamber in which he is confined, under any pretext whatever. The guard of the fort should be set with the greatest exactness, and without the relaxation of vigilance. The General of Division only can modify the rigor of these orders, and I know he will not do it without being authorized by the Minister. The commandant must sleep at the fort, unless specially authorized to the contrary by his superiors. The supplies of the prisoner have been prescribed. They must not be exceeded upon any pretext. Every excess will be stricken off from the account."

The next letter, No. 4, was written immediately after receiving intelligence of Toussaint's death. In it the Prefect says:

"You will also please, on the receipt of this letter, make an inventory, in the presence of the *Commandant d'Armes*, of all the effects used by the prisoner, and sell them at auction to the highest bidder, after the customary notices. You will prepare a report of the sale for me, and remit the proceeds of it to the widow Benedict upon her receipt, deducting the sums due her for her supplies."

From these documents and the other inclosed, of which I will not trouble you with an analysis, it appears, if the facts are reported faithfully—

1. That Toussaint was guarded with unusual, if not excessive, rigor, and that the view taken of his character and career at that time by the War Department, whose agent declared that if there was an exception to the rule that pity was due to the unfortunate, Toussaint was the exception, was very different from that which is taken of him now by the world, and indeed by the French themselves, who, through the mouth of the most inspired of their modern poets, have said of him, "*Cet homme est une nation,*" and within fifty years after his cheerless death, accepted the lesson of his life by striking the chains off every slave held under a French title.

2. They show that he was not poisoned, but that he died in all probability of a disease contracted in consequence of his involuntary removal to a colder and more intemperate climate than at his age—over sixty—his constitution, used to the warmth of the tropics, could endure.

3. It appears that he was abundantly supplied with fuel and artificial light, for in two months these supplies cost one hundred and fifty-six francs, which, M. Girod assures me, is a very large allowance, for wood then was much cheaper, he says, than at the present day; and now several lights and two fires could be sustained six months for ordinary necessities at an expense not exceeding two hundred francs.

4. That he had a servant for a while after his arrival, whether a negro or a Frenchman does not appear. From the general character of the instructions in reference to him, and in the absence of any special provision for the access to him of one of his own color, it is to be presumed that it was a Frenchman.

5. That he was allowed to write and have some luxuries, such as nutmegs, sugar, bath, etc. These, I presume, came out of the four francs a day allowed him from the first for board, washing and mending.

6. It is apparent, unfortunately, suggests M. Girod, that the moderate sum of 128fr., 70c., which the effects supplied by the Government brought after only seven months' use, that his wardrobe was not probably supplied as it should have been for such a severe climate.

7. And, finally, it appears that a woman was provided to keep his apartment in order.

The order forbidding Toussaint to see any one not attached to the service of the garrison seems to have been unnecessarily rigorous, but it was probably aimed at Rigaud, Toussaint's ablest and most trusted aid in St. Domingo, who was captured very soon after his Chief, and sent to the Fort de Joux, where he remained until after Toussaint's death, when he was released. They never saw each other, though sleeping so near together, after they separated in St. Domingo.

Upon the walls of Toussaint's apartment I was surprised to find but one inscription from the hands of visitors; that was the name of Cataline Nau, a man whom I remember to have met at Port au Prince in 1854, where he discharged the functions of an Assistant Secretary of State, in the Department of Foreign Affairs, under Soulouque, and who had the credit, which I do not doubt he deserves, of having written the telling and statesmanlike despatches of the Haytian Government in reply to the agents sent out by Fillmore and the English and French Governments many years ago, to compel the Emperor to acknowledge the independence of the Spanish or eastern part of the island. M. Nau is probably the only Haytian who has ever made this pious pilgrimage to the prison and tomb of the most renowned of African statesmen. M. Nau, I understand, died within the last year, much regretted by his countrymen, whose interests he carefully watched and tended during his life.

Toussaint's remains, consigned to a grave under the Chapel of the fort, were discovered by a captain of engineers in 1850. The top of his skull, which had probably been sawed off at the time of the *post-mortem* examination, and replaced, he deposited in the city library of Pontarlier, where it was shown me by M. Girod, and the rest of the head stands on the mantelpiece in the room where Toussaint was confined and died.—*Independent.*

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

From Blackwood's Magazine for August.

[Part of a letter written by Mr. Chase to his sister, giving her an account of the great earthquake, which happened at Lisbon in the year 1755.]

ABOUT three-quarters after nine o'clock in the morning, on Saturday, the 1st of November, 1755, I was alone in my bed-chamber, four stories from the ground, opening a bureau, when a shaking or trembling of the earth (which I knew immediately to be an earthquake), gentle at first, but gradually becoming violent, much alarmed me. Turning round to look at the window, the glass seemed to be falling out. Surprised at the continuation of the motion, and calling to mind the miserable fate of Callao, in the Spanish West Indies, I dreaded a like catastrophé; and, remembering that our house was so old and weak that any heavy carriage passing made it shake throughout, I ran directly into the Arada, to see if the neighboring houses were agitated with the same violence. This place was a single room at the top of the house, with windows all around the roof, supported by stone pillars. It was only one story higher than my chamber, but commanded a prospect of some part of the river, and of all the lower part of the city, from the king's palace up to the castle. I was no sooner up the stairs than the most horrid prospect that imagination can figure appeared before my eyes! The house began to heave to that degree, that, to prevent being thrown down, I was obliged to put my arm out of a window and support myself by the wall. Every stone in the wall separating and grinding against each other (as did the walls of the other houses, with a variety of different motions), causing the most dreadful jumbling noise ears ever heard. The adjoining wall of Mr. Goddard's room fell first; then followed all the upper part of the house, and of every other, as far as I could see towards the castle, when, turning my eyes quick to the front of the room (for I thought the whole city was sinking into the earth), I saw the tops of two of the pillars meet, and saw no more. I had resolved to throw myself upon the floor, but suppose I did not; for I immediately felt myself falling, and then, after I know not how long, just as if waking from a dream, with confused ideas, I found my mouth stuffed full of something that with my left hand I strove to get out; and not being able to breathe freely, struggled till my head was quite disengaged from the rubbish. In doing this I came to myself, and recollecting what had happened, supposed the earthquake to be over; and from what I had so lately seen, expected to find the whole city fallen to the ground, and myself at the top of the ruins. When attempting to look about me, I saw four high walls near fifty feet above me (the place where I lay was about ten feet in length and scarcely two feet wide), without either door or window in any of them. Astonished to the last degree at my situation, I remembered that there was such a place between the houses; and, having seen the upper parts of both fall, concluded that either the inhabitants must be all destroyed, or at least that there was no probability of their looking down there again time enough for my preservation; so that, struck with horror at the shocking thought of being starved to death, immured in that manner, I remained stupefied, till the still falling tiles and rubbish made me seek for shelter under a small arch in the narrow wall opposite my head as I lay, at the bottom of which there appeared to be a little hole quite through it. Upon approaching the aperture, with difficulty, dragging myself out of the rubbish, I found it much larger than I had imagined; and, first getting in my head and arm, by degrees I pulled all my body after, and fell about two feet into a small dark place, arched over at the top, which I supposed to be only a support for the two walls; till, feeling about, I found on one side a narrow passage, that led me round a place like an oven, into a little room, where stood a Portuguese man covered with dust, who, the moment he saw me coming in that way, starting back and crossing himself all over, cried out, as their custom is when much surprised, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph! who are you? where do you come from?"—of which being informed, he placed me in a chair. This done, clasping his hands together, he lifted them and his eyes towards the ceiling, in show of the utmost distress and concern. This made me examine myself, which before I had not leisure to do. My right arm hung down before me motionless, like a dead weight, the shoulder being out and the bone broken; my stockings were cut to pieces, and my legs covered with wounds; the right ankle was swelled to a prodigious size, with a fountain of blood spouting upwards from it; the knee also was much bruised, and my left side felt as if beat in, so that I could scarcely breathe; all the left side of my face likewise swelled up—the skin was beat off, and the blood streaming from it, with a great wound above, and a small one below the eye, and several bruises on my back and head. Barely had I perceived myself to be in this mangled condition, when another shock, threatening as the first, came on. The Portuguese flew directly out of the door. The violence of the shock, and the falling of the houses, with the screams of the people, made me again seek shelter below the arch I had entered in at; where, waiting till it had abated, I returned back again, and, nobody appearing, went out at the same door I had seen the man do, in hopes to find him again, or meet with some other person; but, instead of a room, as I expected, it was only a narrow staircase, which with a few steps brought me, to my surprise, into the street, not imagining myself to have been so near it. The people were all at prayers, covered with dust, and the light appeared as of a dark, cloudy day; when, flattering myself that my legs might still support me to the water-side, I turned and saw the street below (which was very narrow) filled with fallen houses as high as the tops of the remaining ones. I then, in hopes to get into the country, advanced a few steps up the hill, but the same sad prospect appeared above! and in a street to the right I saw no other. I knew not what to do, my strength failed, and I fell prostrate just where the three streets met. I then thought myself so much past all assistance, that though Mr. Branfill, Mr. Goddard and their people came to the very spot where I lay, I spoke not to any of them, although they stood close by me, till Mr. John Ernst Jorg, a German, a merchant of the city of Hamburg, coming to his door, told them he saw no way for their escaping out of the city; therefore begged they would go up into a garden he had by the top of his house, which was the safest place he knew of. This they complied with, and how long afterwards I lay there I know not; but recovering a little strength, I raised myself up, and set back against the wall of this gentleman's house, who, appearing again at his door, I heard him say, "What miserable wretch is this? He seems by his dress to be a stranger"—and coming down from his door round to the other side of my face, he cried out, "Dear Mr. Chase, what a shocking sight is this! Let me carry you up stairs, and try what we can do for you." My answer was, "Many thanks; but it is now too late." "Never think so," said he; "I hope the worst is past, and you shall have the very first assistance that can be procured." Then calling some of his people, he had me conveyed up stairs, and put me in a chair till he had got me something to drink, and a bed being made ready, he laid me there, desiring me to compose myself as much as possible.

But he had not left me long, before another shock made me lay my left arm over my eyes, expecting soon to be released from further misery, till all the plaster falling from the wall covered the bed, causing such a dust that I was roused to exert all my strength to open the door just at the bed's head, and get out. The noise I made soon brought Mr. Jorg out of his garden, when, begging of him to lay me there with the other people, to abide the common chance, he said there was a room on one side of it, and he would order a bed to be made ready immediately. He placed me there accordingly, telling me he had already sent for the English surgeon, Mr. Scrafton; but his house was down, and there was no knowing what had become of him. Mr. Jorg and Mrs. Goddard came constantly between the shocks (now much less violent and frequent), to offer me their assistance; and during one of the intervals Mr. Jorg and his uncle dressed my leg with some plasters that they happened to have in the house.

Mr. Jorg's uncle would not go into the garden during the shocks, but remained in the house, declaring that he had lived a long time, and, if it so pleased Providence, he was as ready to die in that manner as in any other. Mrs. Goddard also acquainted me with the deaths of several already known (whose fate I then thought much happier than my own), and that three fires had broken out in the city, which did not then alarm me much. One of the fires and a large part of the city I could see from the bed as I lay, for I was now again at the top of a high house, some part of which had fallen, and the remainder was much shattered.

About two o'clock, the earth having enjoyed some little respite, the cloud of dust was dissipated; and the sun appearing, we began to hope the worst was over, as indeed it was with regard to earthquakes, but still every succeeding shock, though it did little harm, was attended with the same dread and terror as the foregoing ones. However, this made the people in the garden (consisting of English, Irish, Dutch and Portuguese) recover spirits enough to think of attempting to get out of the ruinous city; when Mr. Jorg, wholly intent on assisting everybody, desired them only just to stay to eat some fish he had ordered to be got ready, and they would then be the better enabled to bear any future fatigue. To oblige his great care I ate a little, without any inclination, imagining, from the painful condition I was in, a very few hours more would release me from further suffering, nor did anybody hitherto flatter me with other hopes. This was one reason, as well as knowing that all people were so intent upon their own preservation as not to be at leisure to assist others, that I suffered Mr. Jorg's garden by degrees to grow quite empty, and Mr. Branfill, Mr. Goddard, and their people, after dining and taking leave of me, to go away without asking their assistance, or even desiring them to send any help to me; till, finding Mr. Jorg was left with only his old uncle, an old lame lady of his acquaintance, whom he had sent his servants to fetch from her house (where she was left alone, and very probably would have perished had he not thought of her), and two or three of his people, and supposing he intended to quit his house, I begged of him to endeavor to hire some people to carry me out of town. He said he feared it would be impossible; that all his servants but one had left him, and the city was quite deserted; that if it was my request he would try, but for his own part he was determined to take the fate of his house, as he thought venturing out of it would only be to encounter greater danger; and, in my condition, he would advise me to do the same. This assurance quite satisfied me, little imagining how much more distress I had still to support.

All that afternoon I passed in most melancholy reflections, whilst the flames spread everywhere within my view with inexpressible swiftness, till about five o'clock they seemed approaching close to the window of the room where I lay. Mr. Jorg then came in, and looking at me without speaking, which hitherto he had always done, retired, shutting the door close after him. Full of suspicions, from what he had before said, that there was no assistance to be had, I was struck by the stillness in the adjacent room, and with difficulty raising myself up, listened a considerable time without hearing anything stir, when I concluded that he had found himself obliged to leave his house, and, lacking courage to tell me the horrid fate I must submit to, he had quitted it without speaking at all.

In the utmost agony of body and mind I determined to ascertain if this were the case, and if so, to endeavor if possible to reach the gallery on the east side of the window, and, by throwing myself down the hill, put an end to all my excessive miseries at once. By the help of two chairs I just got within reach of the door with the greatest pain, and was then so spent I was obliged to sit down, nor could I have gone a step further had the room been on fire. Recovering a little strength, I opened the door, and found Mr. Jorg, the old lady, and two other persons, all silently sitting round the outer room. Surprised to see me get so far, he asked me the reason of it; to which I replied, that as I was fully sensible both of the great distress we were reduced to, and of his inability to assist me, I begged, with tears in my eyes, as the greatest favor, that before he found himself obliged to quit his house, he would either throw me over the gallery, or in any other way despatch me, and not leave me in agony, lingering a few hours, to die a dreadful death. He desired me not to talk in that manner, and assured me most affectionately he never had intended to leave me, and if no other help came, he would himself carry me upon his back, and we should take our chance together; that the fire had not yet surrounded us, and that there was still a passage free to the Terrio de Pace (a large square before the king's palace), and as soon as necessity obliged us, he hoped we might all get there very safe; therefore I had much better lie down again, and he would be careful to acquaint me in time. But as I still suspected that only his good-nature made him promise this, I desired to stay with them, which he permitted me; going up himself every half hour to the top of his house, to observe what progress the fire made; till about eleven o'clock, when there came two servants of a German gentleman, who I think was his nephew, at that time also in the house. Mr. Jorg then declared that he thought it time to remove; and with great composure going for his hat and cloak, returned with a cap and quilt for me, telling me perhaps I might find it cold when I was carried out; and then desired the German gentleman and his servants to carry me to the square first, and return again to fetch the lame lady. They carried me in one of the room chairs, with the quilt over me (which proved afterward of great service), and another person went before with a torch. I heard some poor wretches begging for help as I was carried through a narrow alley down a steep hill, which was the only passage left free from ruins.

Opposite to the bottom of the valley was a church belonging to a convent of friars, the door of which was open. There stood lighted candles upon the high altar, the friars seemed very busy in their church dresses, and in the porch lay some dead bodies. Thence through a narrow street to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. I saw no houses fallen down into that street, but everywhere great stones scattered about; and as I passed, looking up a street, could see over the ruins the upper windows of our houses still standing. The Church of St. Mary Magdalene had not fallen; its doors were open, and some lights and people in it. I observed the fire had already taken possession of the street leading to the cathedral. In the silversmiths' street there were no houses quite fallen, and some few people seemed to be employed in throwing bundles out of the windows.

As I passed the end of the Rua Nova I saw both sides of it were on fire, as well as the next street, which runs parallel with it. At the square I found the king's palace (which made one side of it) and half of the adjoining side on fire, burning slowly, the little wind driving it gently onwards. In the opposite part Mrs. Adford met me, and told me her sister, Mrs. Graves, and her family were there, sitting on some bundles of clothes they had saved; but as it was in the open air, my conductor chose rather to place me in a stall, with some others in my condition.

To find myself thus, so much beyond all expectation, suddenly relieved from the constant apprehension of fallen houses, and dangers of the fire (as I thought, at least), when I was in the greatest despair, and had given up all hopes of assistance, raised my spirits to that degree that now, for the first time, notwithstanding the great pain I was in, I began to hope it was possible still to live, till new terrors employed my thoughts.

A LITTLE PROPHET.

BY ELIZA SPROAT RANDOLPH.

SPOKE the Nightingale to the Rose
Once, so early in the morning,
Not a creature in all the glen,
Weary and dull with a night of rain,
Had perceived a warning.
"Yet," he said, "'tis morning."

Night of rain, night of gloom;
Ah, how sad for the birds a-building!
Soaking nests and blossoms torn,
And in all the East no sign of morn
The weeping woodlands gilding;
"Yet," he sang, "'tis morning."

"Waken," he cried, "ye creatures all!
Violets, lift your tearful faces;
Finch and robin, arise and sing;
Choral larks, announce your king;
Thrushes, choose your places.
For I am sure 'tis morning."

"Nay, he raves!" sighed the draggled rose;
"Sure, he raves!" croaked the birds together;
Back to their dripping boughs they went,
Ragged and bunched with discontent
At such unheard-of weather.
Still he sang, "'Tis morning."

Darkness all; along the East,
Hill on hill, lay the awful thunder:
—All in a flash, O wondrous sight!
Those dreadful gates of gloom and night
Burst and rolled asunder.
Lo, the Sun! 'Twas morning.

Back and back from their King they rolled:
Grand he rose, and smiled around him:
Each small creature of hill and glen,
Blackbird, throstle, and tiny wren,
Broke the spell that bound him.
"Joy!" they rang, "'tis morning."

Triumph and music everywhere,
All the air a golden glory;
Louder praises crowd the vale,
—But really 'twas the nightingale
Who first told the story—
Now *all* cry, "'Tis morning."

—*Independent.*

BRAHMINISM.

[Some of our readers made the acquaintance, when he was lately in this country, of JOGUTH CHUNDER GANGOOLY, the Brahmin convert to Christianity. He is now in England, and will soon return to his native land. We give below the substance of an address delivered by him at a soirée lately held at Manchester.—*Ed. Standard.*]

BRAHMINISM was a beautiful picture. He did not mean the Brahminism of to-day; but that of what was called the Age of Purity or the Age of Truth. The character of the present system differed very widely from that of ancient times. When he spoke of Brahminism he meant that of to-day. Those who lived in a Christian country and breathed a Christian atmosphere could not conceive the evils of this system, and what a need there was for Christianity to purify and elevate those who were groaning under the despotic sway of the caste system, sanctioned by Brahminism. That caste system was a great evil. All other evils came out of it. It was the main source whence all sorts of vice, immoralities, and degradation issued. He belonged, himself, to the highest caste, and below his were thirty-three more. One could hardly conceive how such a system could be subscribed by men having common sense. Everywhere in India you hear the cry of "Caste, caste." One's own intelligence, sanctity, or popularity had nothing to do with it. In India a man born a physician, notwithstanding any qualifications for another profession, lives, moves, and dies a physician. He has no right or power to mix with Brahmins in company. A gentleman in his (Mr. Gangooly's) neighborhood, knowing that he was a Christian, and wanting to cast reproach upon him, once asked him, "Well, Joguth, suppose you needed some good advice, and a priest could give it as well as the son of a washerwoman, to which would you go?" He immediately remembered Jesus's saying about wolves in sheep's clothing, and replied, "Friend, if I found pure gold in a ditch near my home, I would not sail to Australia for it." The caste was decided by birth, not talents. Priests were the highest caste and it would be as difficult to change a physician into a priest, as to transform a horse into an elephant. He was amused to see how in this country a man might be perhaps a Unitarian minister in Manchester, with one son a lawyer in London, a second in business, a third in the army abroad, a fourth an apprentice to mechanics, and perhaps a baby who will go to agriculture (laughter). Nothing of the kind could exist in India. All would have to follow their father's trade, or lose caste, to the destruction of the ties of home. He had himself given up all hope of ever entering his mother's homestead again; but he knew that he had the arms of his Heavenly Father, which could give him a heavenly home. If we only trusted in him and took shelter in these arms we need have no fear. His aim was to destroy these castes, so far as he could. Since he had embraced Christianity his whole feeling had been turned to the low castes. In fact, the only religion in the world was to take care of the low castes wherever they could be found (hear). He wished to say a few words about idol worships. He knew the enormous absurdity of those worships, but he did not blame the original Brahmin system. The age of figures and allegories was gone, and now we wanted matters of fact. We wanted something agreeable, and tangible, and comfortable. The old Brahmins lived and died happily in their beliefs, but now the poor low castes have nothing to do with them, because they are not taught to read, and they take their idols and depend upon them. Hence came the degradation of these men and women, prostrating themselves before their gods. He did not mean to relate any such absurd stories as the missionaries had told. He had to-day received a letter from a friend asking about the car of Juggernaut which he had mentioned in his lecture in Belfast. His friend wanted to know whether Brahmins really threw themselves before the wheels of the car. Though he bore a strong enmity to the Hindoo ritual, yet he must say that such stories were false. The car of Juggernaut was quite different from what missionaries had represented it to be. "Juggernaut" meant "the Lord of the Universe." The car owed its origin to an alleged historical fact. Krishna was an incarnated deity, and when he was a young boy, in a village near Agra, he was invited to a feast by a prince who sent a car for him. The Hindoos started from that circumstance and draw the car of Juggernaut or Krishna (for they are the same) in the month of June. It is believed that whoever gives three pulls to the ropes of the car shall have his sins forgiven, and be taken into heaven by a similar car after his death. This false hope of salvation drew great crowds to give three or more pulls at the ropes, and some accidentally fell down and were crushed. This was not a voluntary sacrifice, but an accident. In England there were railway accidents, and in India accidents from the car of Juggernaut. In his (Mr. Gangooly's) village, about five miles from Calcutta, there were five cars built in different times. The latest made of these had killed four men at one time; but the reason was that it was very heavy and unmanageable. It was built of heavy timber, and had statues of, he believed, fifty-four men and women upon it. Five or six hundred men were needed to draw it. The false hope of salvation drew great crowds, and perhaps seven or eight hundred would collect; and when somebody fell it was difficult to stop the car. It was often difficult to stop four horses, but much harder to stop five or six hundred men. The first time that the last car was drawn in the village four stout men had been killed, because nobody knew the fact till the car was drawn away, and the dead bodies were left lying in the road. A similar thing was seen in India wherever large cars were drawn. The Hindoos condemned the car itself when any human being was lost under it. It had to go through a three days' penance of some kind. Both it and the idol were condemned for three days, and had to be washed with water. Many things beside idol worship showed how much India needed Christianity. He thought with pain of the condition of the daughters of India. Missionaries could reach only the male Hindoos; they could do nothing for the females. In India people did not know the worth of women. They were not taught to read and write, but were kept in close confinement, where they lived and died in ignorance. They had read of the institution of the suttee. Under the British government, and by the exertions of Rammohun Roy, it was done away with. He had something to say about that institution. In India the women were not allowed to walk about the streets. He rejoiced to see the beaming faces of the mothers, and sisters, and daughters present, but in meetings in India one saw nothing else than beards and whiskers (laughter). In India the women all married, and most were widows. They married at a very early age; there a girl of thirteen or twelve is an "old maid." He had never seen a girl in India unmarried at the age of thirteen; they had nothing else to do (laughter). The most part became widows, and lived a life of great wretchedness. And what gave rise to the suttee? There is no system of second marriage in India. There, a girl of ten or eleven may become a widow, and the moment she becomes so, all her gay dress and jewellery are taken away; she has to dress in simple, coarse, white clothes—the sign of mourning;